"THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW." VI.—ON AN INDIAN RESERVATION.
By Richard Harding Davis, with Illustrations by Remington. In this Number.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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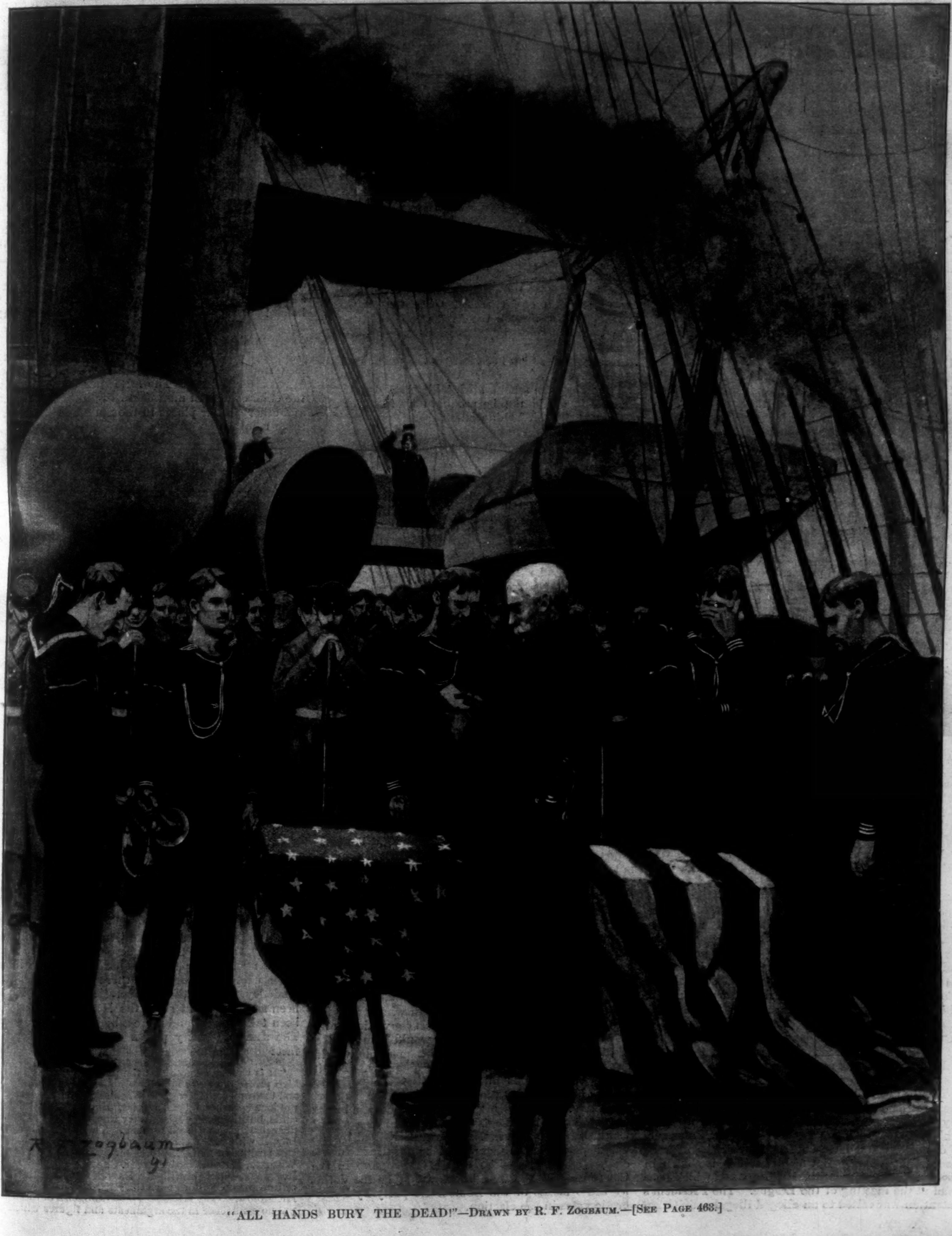

"ALL HANDS BURY THE DEAD!"—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 463.]

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THE PROGRESS OF REFORM.

THE annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League was held this year in Baltimore, and was one of the most significant and enthusiastic in its brief annals. The League was formed in 1881, and the practical progress of the reform since that time is remarkable. It is due to the pressure of enlightened public opinion, which caused first the passage of the law in 1883, and since that time has constantly influenced voluntary official action, until last year the Secretary of the Navy placed the entire skilled and unskilled labor of the navy-yards, comprising about four thousand persons, under reform rules, and the Secretary in his speech in Rhode Island last month urged as one of the claims of the Harrison administration and the Republican party to the confidence of intelligent friends of reform, that "the regulations of the department within the last year have eradicated all political considerations from the employment of navy-yard labor, and have made that employment dependent alone upon the skill and efficiency of the workmen." Since the first classification of the service under the law, there has been no single measure of reform of greater importance. Its defect is that it is merely a regulation of the individual Secretary, and is not binding upon his successor. But it is none the less a signal tribute to the practical business value of the reformed service, and Mr. Andrew, of Massachusetts, has introduced a bill applying the principle of the Secretary's regulation to the entire labor force of the government.

It is impossible to know the real situation in regard to reform without looking further than the usual proceedings of the party conventions. The parties—that is to say, the party machines—will yield no faster and no farther than they must. The last National Convention of the Republicans repeated its declaration of 1884 upon the subject, with a special pledge to observe its pledges. This, however, was designed not to bind the machine, but to win back the reform vote, which went largely to Mr. Cleveland in 1884, because of his friendly action as Governor, his plain words in the letter to the League, and the general confidence in his honesty and courage. That the reform was not wholly ignored during his administration was due to him personally, and the proof of the effect of his conduct, inconsistent as it was when measured by a strict standard of reform, was shown by the extraordinary emphasis laid upon reform by the Republican Convention. Under President Harrison, as under President Cleveland, the law has been enforced, and he has included some hundreds of new places in the classified system, and has applied its principles to promotion in the departments.

This has been done, however, simultaneously with the most flagrant violation of specific pledges to apply those principles also to the vast range of places which are not within the rules. This the President, if disposed, could have done at any time, so far as he thought proper. But his disposition is shown in the correspondence with Mr. Foulke, which was read at the meeting of the League. The President's attention was called to an alleged illegal solicitation of a public officer in a public building for a political contribution, during which the President's name was used. The President replied that he knew nothing of it, and that the officer who was approached should refer the matter to the District Attorney. Now an executive order in a very few words assuring the employés that they are at entire liberty not to give or to give without the slightest prejudice to their position, and declaring that the laws against such extortion would be rigidly enforced, if made by a President who had proved his conviction and courage by his conduct, would at once practically put an end to the infamous business. But notwithstanding all inconsistencies and violations of pledges, the reform, as the resolutions of the League truly state, advances steadily. For public opinion is more and more aroused to the necessity of reform, and its pressure compels parties—that is, party machines—gradually to conform. After an agitation of ten years the abuses and perils of the spoils system have been clearly exposed, and a purpose to correct them is stronger every day. It is not extravagant to say that the Presidential election will be determined this year in New York, and that in New York it will be determined by civil service reform.

DEMOCRATIC DIFFICULTIES.

The most serious blow to the prospect of Democratic success in the election of this year, whoever may be the candidate, has been given by the course of the Democratic Legislature and Executive in the State of New York. If the revolt within the party which this course has produced should triumph, and end in a reorganization of the party as an agency of the views which reform Democrats hold, a more satisfactory political situation than now exists might be reached. One of the convincing arguments in the Republican Convention at Chicago in 1860 against the nomination of Mr. Seward was that it would transfer to Washington the Albany Republican machine, a very modest instrument compared with the present Albany Democratic machine. Mr. Seward's friends were very sure of his nomination, but Abraham Lincoln was selected. What universal dismay and apprehension among all intelligent and patriotic Americans would not be produced by the prospect of the transfer to Washington, to operate with national resources upon a national arena, of the Democratic power which has been supreme at Albany during the last winter, which began the session with the theft of a Legislature, and ended with placing in the hands of Tammany Hall the control of the election in the city, which decides the result in the State!

The completeness of this power is well expressed by the Democratic *World* in asking, "Did the four Democratic bosses who controlled the Legislature by a nod or a word find any legislation impossible upon which they had really determined?" This was the power which equally controlled the Democratic State Convention and with perfect unanimity selected the delegates to the National Convention. It was but repeating the action of Tweed, who, having subjugated New York, proposed to impose his candidate upon the Presidential Convention, and extend nationally the power of a triumphant ring. Such an attempt, when made, supersedes all questions of legislative policy as the issue of an election. The admission of the regular Democratic delegation from New York to the National Convention would be the recognition by the National Democratic party of the Albany power of this winter as the Democracy of New York. Should such admission be followed by a nomination dictated by the Albany power, it would be fatal to Democratic success by Democratic votes in the State, and that fact is the brightest sign of hope for that party.

The leaders of the State Democracy find it necessary to say that they do not mean to bolt if they do not succeed. But if they mean to acquiesce in a party dominance which they denounce as fraudulent, they are unworthy Americans. Submission to such fraud strengthens it. This is so clear that there are followers enough of those leaders who, as one of them says, will gladly vote for Harrison in such an exigency. On the other hand, the nomination of Mr. Cleveland by a Convention which acknowledged his bitterest enemies as the Democratic party in his own State would be an extraordinary incident. As the one conspicuous public man who stands for sound views of public policy, honest convictions, and official courage, his nomination would command a great vote, which, as now appears probable, would be given to no other candidate of his party. But it would be a serious misfortune that the party to which his administration must look for support would be that of which "the four Democratic bosses who controlled the Legislature by a nod or a word" would be the bosses in New York accredited by the whole party. This fact would be injurious to his chances; but the defeat of Mr. Cleveland in the Convention by the four bosses would be the defeat by those bosses of the Democratic party by Democratic votes in the election.

PROTECTION AND REPUBLICANISM.

The *Tribune* recently represented two Democrats talking upon a ferry-boat as in a quandary because of the increase of manufactories under the McKinley bill and the disposition of the workmen to support a high tariff. One of the interlocutors is represented as saying, meaning Mr. Cleveland: "It is no good to put up a man to be beaten. I tell you, the men who work in the shops and factories don't trust a free-trader. Then this blanked McKinley bill has added a lot of works, one in my town that employs fifty hands. About all used to be Democrats, and now I reckon we can't get the votes of a half-dozen of them." Now the Boston *Transcript*, a Republican paper, published recently a table of very striking figures, compiled by a correspondent who signs himself "A Republican Always," a signature which we know to be perfectly truthful. He says that the years 1880 and 1891 offer a good standard for comparison. In 1880 the war Democrats had returned to their party. The war was gone by. General Garfield was no more a striking patriotic figure than General Hancock. The Republicans had no particular advantage nor the Democrats especial disadvantage. The election was a fair test of the strength of the hold of each party upon public confidence. There was no tariff issue, and the Republicans carried the State by more than 53,000 majority.

But in 1891 the parties agreed to make the McKinley tariff the issue, the Republicans claiming that in 1890 the people were confused and the McKinley tariff misunderstood, but that in 1891 all this should be corrected and the truth universally made known. The canvass of that year—last autumn—was thorough. The tariff was discussed everywhere, and both parties made every effort to bring out their full vote, and the Democrats elected their Governor by more than 6000 majority. The McKinley tariff was enacted professedly for the interests of operatives, laborers, and artisans. If it were really so, and if they believe it to be so in a manufacturing State like Massachusetts, there should be a great increase in the Republican majority in all manufacturing towns. In other words, the abhorrence of what the *Tribune* story calls the free-traders should be most emphatically marked. What are the facts? The following table comprises the chief centres of manufacturing in Massachusetts, and other similar places in the State would show the same result:

	Rep. 1880.	Dem. 1880.	Rep. 1891.	Dem. 1891.
Lowell	4513	3917	4818	5384
Lawrence	2627	2546	2354	3515
Lynn	3429	2789	4135	4035
Fall River	3325	2299	2798	4028
Worcester	5547	3698	6594	5761
Springfield	3410	1941	3678	3436
New Bedford	2977	1270	1961	1928
Cambridge	4227	3293	3496	5178
Chicopee	600	633	524	948
Holyoke	1006	1066	1318	2304
Palmer	428	272	345	403
Ware	405	211	306	507
Northampton	957	551	861	1126
Easthampton	395	208	299	344
Pittsfield	1102	1210	1241	1617
Haverhill	1907	1256	1940	2146
Marlborough	769	681	866	1277
Natick	757	855	606	894
Woburn	966	1087	869	1244
Framingham	640	460	709	825
Hopkinton	417	463	304	406
Malden	1360	719	1934	1516
Waltham	1117	731	1655	1433
Groton	274	59	149	134
Milford	881	617	688	816
Blackstone	286	447	146	584
Spencer	611	277	527	557
North Brookfield	431	260	351	403
Webster	410	383	363	475
Southbridge	438	362	450	569
Weymouth	1152	653	1015	1072
Quincy	986	887	1190	1373
Canton	343	389	277	426
Hyde Park	695	299	745	639
Easton	297	231	285	394
Taunton	2198	1138	1996	1665
Brockton	1590	948	2372	2010

It is evident, says this "Republican Always," that not only in Massachusetts, but in Rhode Island and Connecticut, the three States where there is more manufacturing industry to the square mile than in any other part of the country, there is an indisputable tendency toward the Democratic party, which has been showing itself since the Republican party has been taking more and more a high-protection course. The same authority points out another interesting fact:

> "It is worthy of note that the public men who advocate high protection make no impression on their own neighbors and townsmen. They go to Washington and elsewhere and produce speeches, letters, articles, pamphlets, statistics, placards, but the people whom they know best and who know them best give no heed to them. The reader will connect Lowell with Mr. Allen, Lawrence with W. A. Russell, Lynn with Mr. Lodge, Worcester with Mr. Hoar and Mr. Walker, New Bedford with Mr. Crapo, Chicopee with Mr. Robinson, Pittsfield with Mr. Dawes, Groton with Governor Boutwell, Milford with the Drapers, and Canton with Mr. Morse. Why is it that the working-men of these places put no confidence in the arguments and figures which their

Republican leaders put before them? These leaders succeeded to the charge of a great and victorious party, but what have they been doing with it?"

This candid friend asks a parting question which may well be pondered by those concerned. If the manufacturing towns and cities keep up the same political tendency for the next five years that they have shown for the last eleven, during the period that the high-protection policy has been urged, what is to prevent Massachusetts from becoming a hopelessly Democratic State? Ex-Speaker Reed said that there was something grotesque in the fact that the Republicans had to fight to keep Rhode Island. But they must fight also to keep Massachusetts and Connecticut. It is evident that New England is coming to agree with General Garfield in preferring the protection that ultimates in free trade, and not McKinleyism.

NATIONAL ART ASSOCIATION.

Miss Kate Field, the strenuous advocate of the repeal of the tax on foreign works of art, makes a very strong plea, and has effectively promoted the organization of an art association, under whose auspices a congress and a national loan exhibition of American paintings will be held in Washington on the 16th and 17th of May. Before 1861 there was no art tax. In 1861 a tax of ten per cent. was laid as a war measure. Twenty-three years later, in profound peace, the tax was raised to thirty per cent.

Of this performance Miss Field says:

> "The history of the passage of this thirty per cent. measure is significant reading.
>
> "It was *not* advocated by the press.
>
> "It was *not* demanded by the people.
>
> "It was *not* recommended by the Tariff Commission.
>
> "*No* bill was introduced or considered.
>
> "*No* legislator proposed or advocated it.
>
> "Congressional requirements were not complied with.
>
> "Senate and House disagreed on details of a bill on general tariff.
>
> "The committee of conference *inserted two or three lines which were passed unnoticed*, March 3, 1883.
>
> "Does not such a trick savor of dishonesty?
>
> "Taxation is justified by two reasons, revenue and protection. This increase, therefore, was an outrage; for revenue was not needed, and artists wanted no protection.
>
> "The law was disastrous in its results. Duties fell from $307,000 in 1883 to $191,000 in 1884, a decline of forty per cent., while general trade only fell seven per cent., and jewels advanced.
>
> "The sales of American artists decreased; the demands for American art lessened. The export of paintings amounted to $387,000 in 1883, and fell to $176,000 in 1884. Foreign nations remonstrated, as well they might; for in Italy, France, Germany, and Russia art is free; while in all other countries, except Servia and those speaking Spanish, it is taxed only eight per cent."

The McKinley bill passed the House without the art clause. The Senate restored it, reducing it to fifteen per cent. The Art Association is designed to stimulate public sentiment to procure the repeal of this tax. The artists, we believe, almost without exception favor the repeal, an object to which Miss Field devotes her ability and energy, and in which she is supported by a distinguished body of citizens, both men and women. The object is one with which we sympathize heartily, and to which, we believe, even so good a protection journal as the New York *Tribune* does not refuse its good wishes.

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

The testimony of the Secretary of the Treasury and of the Postmaster-General before the Committee on Civil Service Reform at Washington is a droll illustration of the remark of the President in his letter to Mr. Foulke last winter: "My thought was that the first thing to do was to satisfy the country that the law was being faithfully and impartially administered as to those offices already classified." Very well. Is the law faithfully and impartially administered? Mr. Roosevelt, a Republican commissioner, went to Baltimore to see whether the law was or was not violated at a primary election. Upon the most careful inquiry, assisted by two Republican lawyers in Baltimore, he found that twenty employés of the Post-office Department and two of the Treasury Department had violated the law. The report and recommendation for removal were submitted to the President, the Postmaster-General, and the Secretary of the Treasury.

This was a year ago. But no notice was taken of the report except that the Postmaster-General sent an inspector to hold another inquiry. This was evidently a mere subterfuge to enable him to do nothing, because the offenders had admitted their offence in the most explicit terms. The Postmaster-General in his evidence could not deny the substantial facts as stated in the report, but asserted that the men were confused and bulldozed in the examination, and, finally, that the acts were not violations of the law. This talk was swept away by the course of the Department of Justice in indicting in Kentucky violators of the law in exactly the same way as in Baltimore. The Secretary of the Treasury had evidently not thought the report of the commission worth reading, but when the committee of the House requested his attendance more than a year after the offences and the report, he said that he doubted whether they were really offences under the law, but as one of the men did not mean to violate it, and as the other was an excellent clerk, he had that day reprimanded them!

Mr. Wanamaker is probably impervious to a sense of the absurdity of his position, but Mr. Foster must know that his conduct brings into contempt the unqualified declaration of his own party, and shows that practically it was a mere decoy to catch votes. It is an insult to the large and intelligent and determined body of friends of reform, and gives a sharper sting to the contemptuous question addressed to the President by Mr. Foulke, who believed the candidate and the platform, and voted for Mr. Harrison—"May I ask, with all respect, while this promise remains unfulfilled how shall we know hereafter upon what pledge of the Republican party or its candidates we can rely?"

THE WASHINGTON ARCH.

The Washington Arch, which is now completed, is both a standard of what such public works ought to be and a criticism of those that already exist. If the statues and other memorials in the city were of the same character as the arch, the attraction of the city would be greatly enhanced for every intelligent and cultivated visitor. The arch is an exceedingly beautiful, simple, graceful, and harmonious structure, singularly appropriate and admirably situated.

Its erection is due not only to the liberality, but the taste and the unflagging energy of the few citizens who took the enterprise heartily in hand. They have not suffered the construction to linger, nor have they failed constantly to appeal to the patriotic generosity of the citizens of New York. That generosity has been adequate for the purpose, and it would have been an extraordinary impeachment of our local public spirit if the work had lingered like the great monument on Bunker Hill, of which Webster laid the corner-stone in 1825 and celebrated the completion not until 1843.

What city in the world has ever been able to recall a greater or more beneficent event in its annals than the organization of a government like ours by a man like George Washington? It is incomparably the greatest event in the story of the city of New York. Nor is it likely ever to be transcended in importance by any other. The noble simplicity of the beautiful arch is the most fitting monument of such an event, and it ought to make impossible the erection in the city of any less worthy historic memorial.

MAY DAY AND DYNAMITE.

The tranquillity of May day in Europe was undoubtedly reassuring to the public mind, because it showed that the number of assassins is not large. The quiet is due undoubtedly to the fact that in all the great cities ample preparations were made to deal with any trouble promptly and effectively. This was known to the assassins, and they did not care to challenge the organized force of order. In Paris, where there has been recently the most excitement, there was even unusual quiet, and President Carnot and the Prince of Wales exchanged visits to show that there was no real cause for apprehension. In London there was an enormous throng in Hyde Park, the estimates of the crowd varying from 300,000 to 500,000, but even the anarchist appeals excited very little attention. In Berlin the day was stormy, and order was unbroken. This was equally true of Vienna, where an immense multitude simultaneously sang the "Workingman's Hymn" with most telling effect. At the Hague, in Rome and Madrid, the same peace prevailed. No soldiers appeared, and there were no disorderly demonstrations.

All this was pleasant, and so far, as we say, reassuring. But the apprehension remains, and with reason. Three or four persons, or even one person, with dynamite can cause murderous devastation and produce a general panic. A dozen men and women in New York like Norcross, who are willing to destroy themselves, may terrorize a whole community. We thought civilization secure, says Mr. Harold Frederic, in a late letter to the New York *Times*, "but it is discovered that we have been breeding our Alarics and Attilas in our own cellars." It is easy to reproach with cowardice the jury that did not send Ravachol to the guillotine. But every juror knew that in dooming Ravachol to death he might be dooming his own family to destruction. The dynamite attack upon society is something against which there is as yet no proper provision. But the skill of the police alone will do much, because there are certain laws of crime in regard to haunts, association, habits, which are familiar to them, but unknown to others, and strict supervision of all known manufacture and sale of explosives reduces the illicit traffic to a minimum.

The assassins profit by the mystery, and consequent panic. And late accounts of the European situation recall the terror of the famous Irish night in London two centuries ago, when there was a morbid fear that the city might be devastated. But experience shows the desperately criminal class to be exceedingly small. A woman like Louise Michel or a man like Ravachol impresses nobody as moved by any sympathy with suffering humanity. Self-love and indolence and desire of notoriety, mingled with morbid excitement and mental derangement, explain much of the phenomena. Mr. Frederic describes vividly the local dismay and fear which the explosions naturally occasion. But civilization is not imperilled. There is very much more accurate knowledge of the actual condition of poverty, and an infinitely greater sympathy with real suffering, and desire wisely to relieve it, than ever before. Crimes and mysterious disasters there will be, but the organization of labor and more general education and wider diffusion of political power all keep a corrective pace with dynamite and crime.

HEROISM.

When Sir Philip Sidney, mortally wounded, takes the cup of cold water from his parched lips to give it to a dying comrade, the noble act lives immortally in tradition. Poetry and eloquence and tender romance invest it with a beauty which adorns human nature. Sidney is the darling hero of tradition, but the same heroism under other forms continually reappears, and in the report of the morning paper we may read its story as beautiful and inspiring and pathetic as on the fond page of history.

Only a few days ago, during a fire, a young police patrolman, Robert B. Nichols, seeing a ladder falling which would inevitably crush some children, interposed, and was himself killed. He was twenty four or five years old, and was to be married within the week. Here was a hero of the same quality with Sidney. The day after, a boy of eleven, Benjamin Tufts, in Brooklyn, struggling to save his sister from the flames, was burned to death.

These are the incidents that make us prouder of our common humanity, and assure us that heroism changes its costume only, not its quality. The lofty sense of duty and the noble self-sacrifice of this young man and child, like the similar incidents during the war, do not fail of their inspiring influence. There is a sympathy with heroism in every form which makes every one who hears the story more heroic. The youth and the child who die in saving the life of others, however short their own lives, have not lived in vain.

PERSONAL.

Secretary Foster says that Garfield's speeches, which many people have considered models of classic elegance, were rarely written out, and frequently the orator's best thoughts came to him after he had begun to speak. But before the delivery of a speech of unusual importance, it was Mr. Garfield's custom to call half a dozen friends about him, and discuss the subject fully in all its bearings. The suggestions and arguments then advanced he would incorporate in his oration, which, as completed, represented the opinion of several minds, but the form and expression of one. Garfield lacked the statesman's gift of remembering faces, and Mr. Foster says that after all his years in Congress, he did not know more than fifty men personally.

—Congressman McKeighan, of Nebraska, is said to live in a sod house. This singular dwelling, which contains three rooms, is boarded over a frame-work, which is then entirely covered with thick sods. It is not an uncomfortable place of abode, for it is warm in winter, as well as cool in summer, and the danger to its occupants in case of cyclones is minimized. Mr. McKeighan is regarded as a very original and interesting man at Washington. He has been a farmer, a soldier, and a judge, and is a ready debater, especially on matters pertaining to the tariff.

—Two men who were very prominent in American political life not many years ago, but who are not often heard of nowadays, were interesting visitors to Washington recently. One was Galusha A. Grow, and the other J. Warren Keifer, each a member of the small surviving band of ex-Speakers. Mr. Keifer appeared on the floor of the House, and some of the older Congressmen greeted him cordially, but otherwise his presence excited no attention. If Mr. Keifer is a philosopher, he was not surprised at the lack of interest shown in him, for no one can more clearly appreciate the evanescence of political fame than one who has himself experienced the transitions of Washington life.

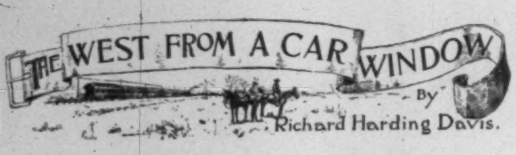
—The Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, is considered the most popular man in public life in England. He is universally liked, more for his unvarying courtesy and charm of manner than for his ability as a political leader, though that in itself is not small. Mr. Peel is a tall thin man, with a long grave face. He is the embodiment of dignity, and it is said to be a lesson in good manners simply to hear him address the House or to see him greet a member. He is a son of the famous Sir Robert Peel, and a godson and namesake of the Duke of Wellington. He also sat for twenty-seven years in Parliament.

—The Sixth International Art Exhibition, about to open at Munich on June 1st, promises to eclipse all its forerunners. The interior of the Crystal Palace has undergone a marked change, and will furnish more wall space than heretofore; while the works contributed by the leading artists of all countries will afford a rare opportunity for judging their respective merits, especially since the various schools are mostly represented by works chosen by their own juries.

—The allegation is made that when a game of baseball is in progress at Washington it is almost possible to find a quorum of the House of Representatives among the spectators. Nearly all of the younger members of Congress are enthusiastic admirers of the national game, and this liking for the sport is shared by a number of the Senators and by several of the cabinet officers, particularly by Secretary Foster and Secretary Rusk. Senator Gorman, as is generally known, used to play in the field with the old National Club, of Washington, and when he attends a game nowadays he is sometimes accompanied by Senator Hill, who has an old-time fondness for seeing a close match. Senators Higgins, Wolcott, and Dubois, who are frequently among the spectators, used to play ball with their college nines.

—One of the pleasantest episodes in Queen Victoria's sojourn on the Riviera was the audience she gave to three French veterans of the Crimea. Her Majesty chatted cordially with the aged warriors, and was agreeably impressed by the interview, for it awakened "ineffaceable memories" which she has always held dear. Memories such as these are quite in harmony with the Queen's bent of mind, for she is said to derive a melancholy comfort from meditating upon death, and nursing her private griefs, which have been intensified of late by the loss of her favorite grandson.

—The probability that Anton Rubinstein, the great pianist, will visit this country within a few months lends interest to the fact that he is one of the few infant prodigies who have gained great distinction in after-life. It is nearly fifty-three years since he began, as a child of nine, to entertain the public, and it may be said that he has steadily grown in popular favor. It is just twenty years since his last memorable visit to America. Rubinstein enjoys very robust health. He has the figure of a soldier, and a broad, square face that with its shock of long hair recalls Liszt's flowing locks, though the Russian pianist's hair still remains black, with but few traces in it of gray. The only indication of age about him is the weakening of his memory for music, as a result of which he is sometimes nowadays embarrassed by stage fright.



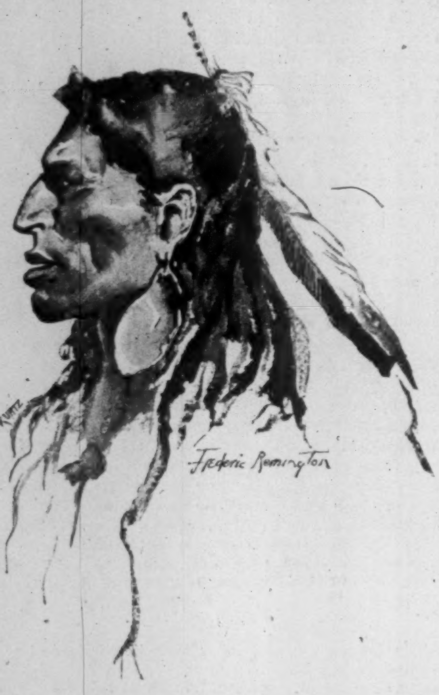
THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW

By Richard Harding Davis.

VI.—ON AN INDIAN RESERVATION.*

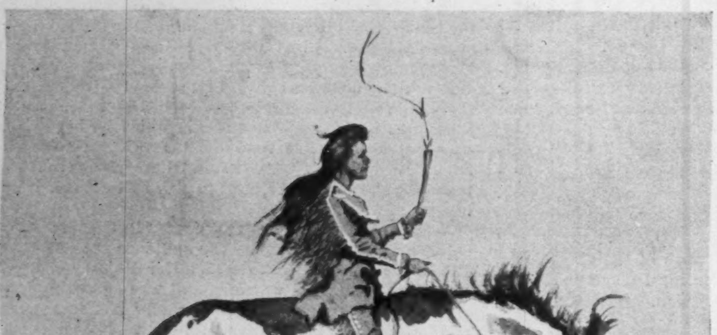
ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE American Indian may be considered either seriously or lightly, according to one's inclination and opportunities. He may be taken seriously, like the Irish question, by politicians and philanthropists; or lightly, as a historical and picturesque relic of the past, as one regards the beef-eaters at the Tower, or the fishwives at Scheveningen. There are a great many Indians and a great many reservations, and some are partly civilized and others are not, and the different tribes differ in speech and manner of life as widely as in the South the clay-eater of Alabama differs from a gentleman of one of the first families of Virginia. Any one who wishes to speak with authority on the American Indian must learn more concerning him than the names of the tribes and the agencies. The Indian will only be considered here lightly and as a picturesque figure of the West.

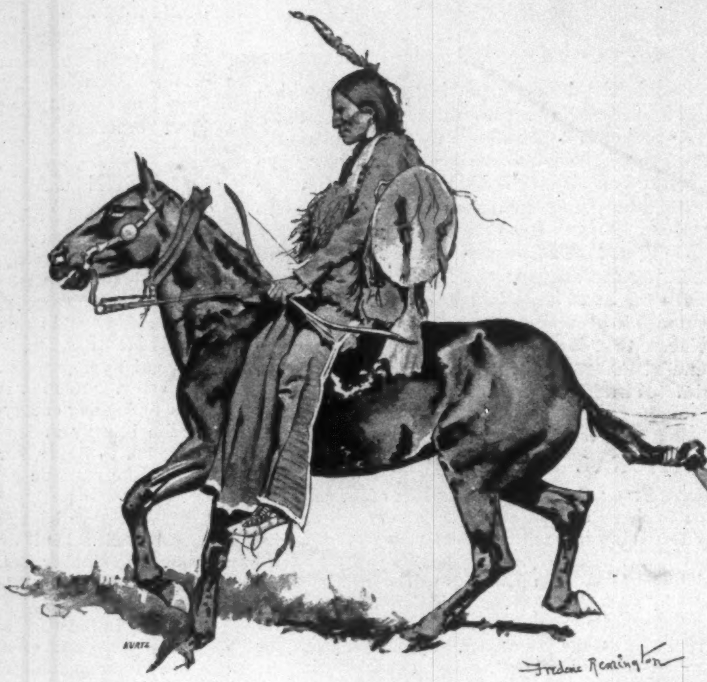


THE CHEYENNE TYPE.

Many years ago the people of the East took their idea of the Indian from Cooper's novels and "Hiawatha," and pictured him shooting arrows into herds of buffalo, and sitting in his wigwam with many scalp-locks drying on his shield in the sun outside. But they know better than that now. Travellers from the West have told them that this picture belongs to the past, and they have been taught to look upon the Indian as a "problem," and to consider him as either a national nuisance or as a much-cheated and ill-used brother. They think of him, if they think of him at all, as one who has fallen from his high estate, and who is a dirty individual hanging around agencies in a high hat and a red shirt with a whiskey-bottle under his arm, and who is waiting a chance to beg or steal. The Indian I saw was not at all like this, but was still picturesque, not only in what he wore, but in what he did and said, and was full of a dignity that came up at unexpected moments, and was as suspicious and trustful as a child.



INDIAN BOY AND PINTO PONY.



BIG BULL.

It is impossible when one sees a blanket Indian walking haughtily about in his buckskin, with his face painted in many colors and with feathers in his hair, not to think that he has dressed for the occasion, or goes thus equipped because his forefathers did so, and not because he finds it comfortable. When you have seen a particular national costume only in pictures and photographs, it is always something of a surprise to find people wearing it with every-day matter-of-course ease, as though they really preferred kilts or sabots or moccasins to that to which we are accustomed at home. And the Indians in their fantastic mixture of colors and beads and red flannel and feathers seemed so theatrical at first that I could not understand why the army officers did not look back over their shoulders when one of these young braves rode by. The first Indians I saw were at Fort Reno, where there is an agency for the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. This reservation is in the Oklahoma Territory, but the government has bought it from the Indians for a half-dollar an acre, and it is to be open to white settlers. The country about is very beautiful, with the tall grass of the prairie, which hides a pony, and shows only the red blanketed figure on his back, and over which in the clear places the little prairie-dogs scamper, and where the red buttes stand out against the sky, and show an edge as sharp and curving as the prow of a man-of-war, and gives one a view of a West one seems to have visited and known intimately through the illustrated papers.

I had gone to Fort Reno to see the beef issue which takes place there every two weeks, when the steers and the other things which make up the Indian's rations are distributed by the agent. I missed the issue by four hours, and had to push on to Anadarko, where another beef issue was to come off three days later, which was trying, as I had met few men more interesting and delightful than the officers at the post-trader's mess. But I was fortunate in the short time in which I was at Fort Reno in stumbling upon an Indian council. Two lieutenants and a surgeon and I had ridden over to the Indian agency, and although they allow no beer on an Indian reservation, the surgeon had hopes. It had been a long ride—partly through water, partly over a dusty trail—and it was hot. But if the agent had a private store for visitors, he was not in a position to offer it, for his room was crowded with chiefs of renown and high degree. They sat in a circle around his desk on the floor, or stood against the wall smoking solemnly. When they approved of what the speaker said, they grunted, and though that is the only word for it, they somehow made that form of "hear, hear," impressive. Those chiefs who spoke talked in a spitting, guttural fashion, far down the throat and without gestures, and the son of one of them, a boy from Carlisle, in a gray ready-made suit and sombrero, translated a five-minutes' speech, which had all the dignity of Salvini's address to the Senators, by: "And Red-Wolf he says he thinks it isn't right." Cloud-Shield rose and said the chiefs were glad to see that the officers from the fort were in the room, as that meant that the Indian would have fair treatment, and that the officers were always the Indians' best friends, and were respected in times of peace as friends, and in times of war as enemies. After which, the officers, considering guiltily the real object of their visit, and feeling properly abashed, took off their hats and tried to look as though they deserved it, which, as a rule, they do. It may be of interest, in view of an Indian outbreak, to know that this council of the chiefs was to protest against the cutting down of the rations of the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes. Last year it cost the government $113,000 to feed them, and this year Commissioner Martin, with a fine spirit of economy, proposes to reduce this by just one-half. This means hunger and illness, and in some cases death.

"He says," translated the boy interpreter, gazing at the ceiling, "that they would like to speak to the people at Washington about this thing, for it is not good."

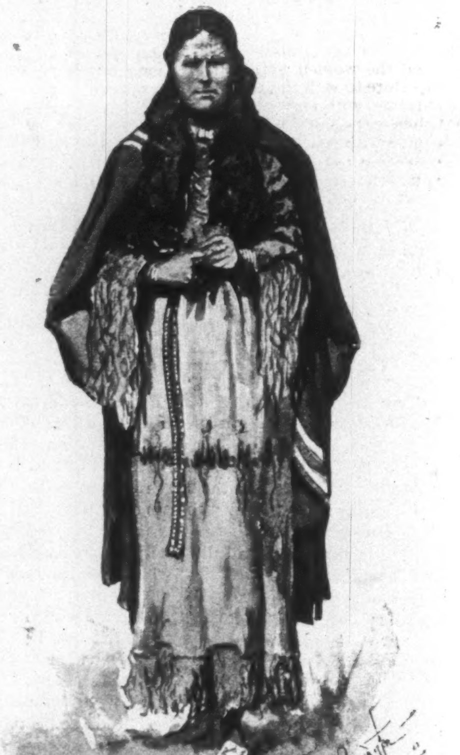
The agent traced figures over his desk with his pen.

"Well, I can't do anything," he said finally. "All I can do is to let the people at Washington know what they say. But to send a commission all the way to Washington will take a great deal of money, and the cost of it will have to come out of their allowance. Tell them that. Tell them I'll write on about it. That's all I can do."

That night the chiefs came solemnly across parade, and said "How!" grimly to the orderly in front of the colonel's headquarters.

"You see," said the officers, "they have come to complain, but the colonel cannot help them. If Martin wants a war, he is going just the best way in the world to get it, and then we will have to go out and shoot them, poor devils!"

I was very sorry to leave Fort Reno, not only on account of the officers there, but because the ride to Anadarko must be made in stages owned by a Mr. Williamson. This is not intended as an advertisement for Mr. Williamson's stages. He does not need it, for he is, so his drivers tell me, very rich indeed, and so economical that he makes them buy their own whips. Every one who has travelled through the Indian Territory over Mr. Williamson's routes wishes that sad things may happen to him, but no one, I believe, would be so wicked as to hope he may ever have to ride in one of his own stages. The stage-coach of the Indian Territory lacks the romance of those Dick Turpin stopped, or of the Deadwood coach, or of those Yuba Bill drives for Bret Harte with four horses, with gamblers on top and road-agents at the horses' heads. They are only low four-wheeled wagons with canvas sides and top, and each revolution of the wheels seems to loosen every stick and nail, and throws you sometimes on top of the driver, and sometimes the driver on top of you. They hold together, though, and float bravely through creeks, and spin down the side of a cañon on one wheel, and toil up the other side on two, and at such an angle that you see the sun bisected by the wagon tongue. At night the stage seems to plunge a little more than in the day, and you spend it in trying to sleep with your legs under the back seat and your head on the one in front, while the driver, who wants to sleep and cannot, shouts profanely



A KIOWA MAIDEN.

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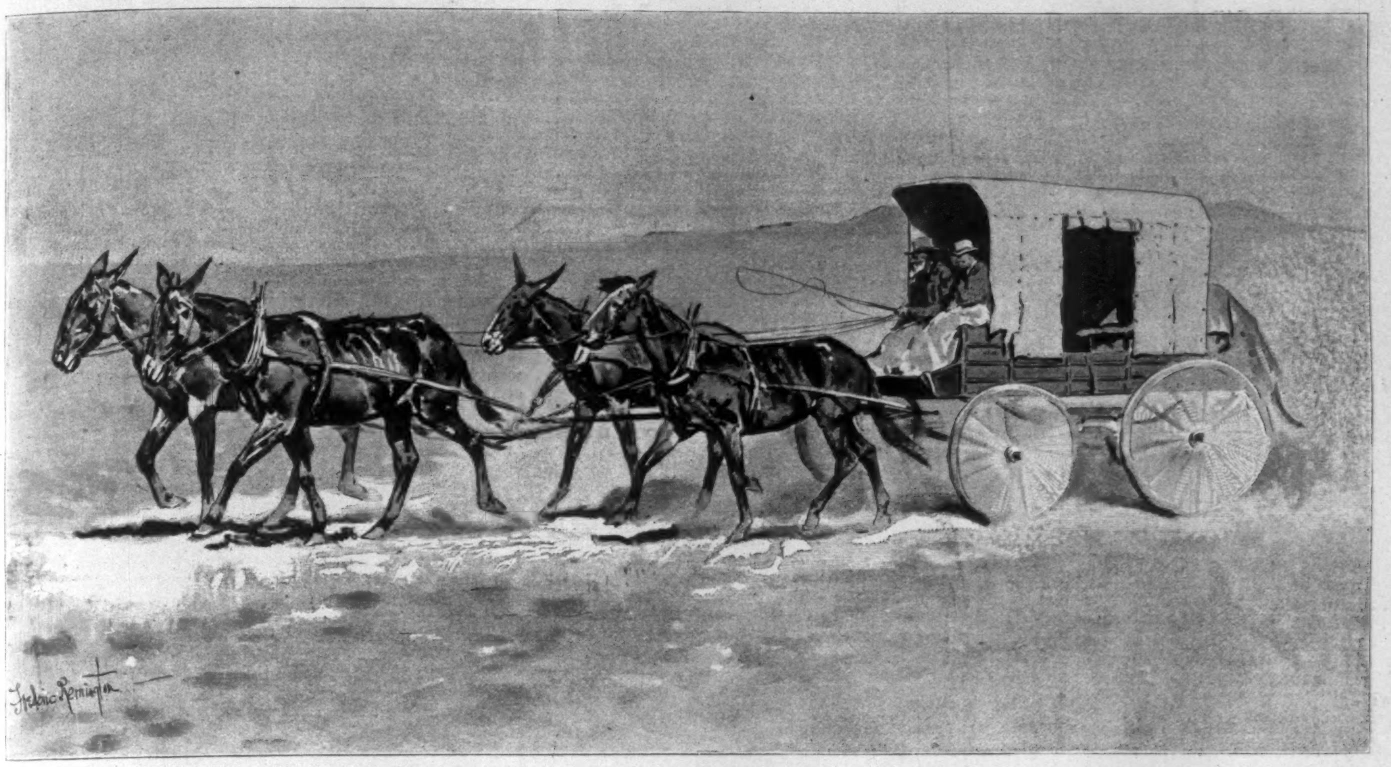
* The first paper of "The West from a Car Window" series, "From San Antonio to Corpus Christi," was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 5, 1892; the second paper, "Our Troops on the Border," in the number for March 26, 1892; the third paper, "At a New Mining Camp," in the number for April 9, 1892; the fourth paper, "A Three-Year-Old City," in the number for April 23, 1892; the fifth paper, "Ranch Life in Texas," in the number for April 30, 1892.

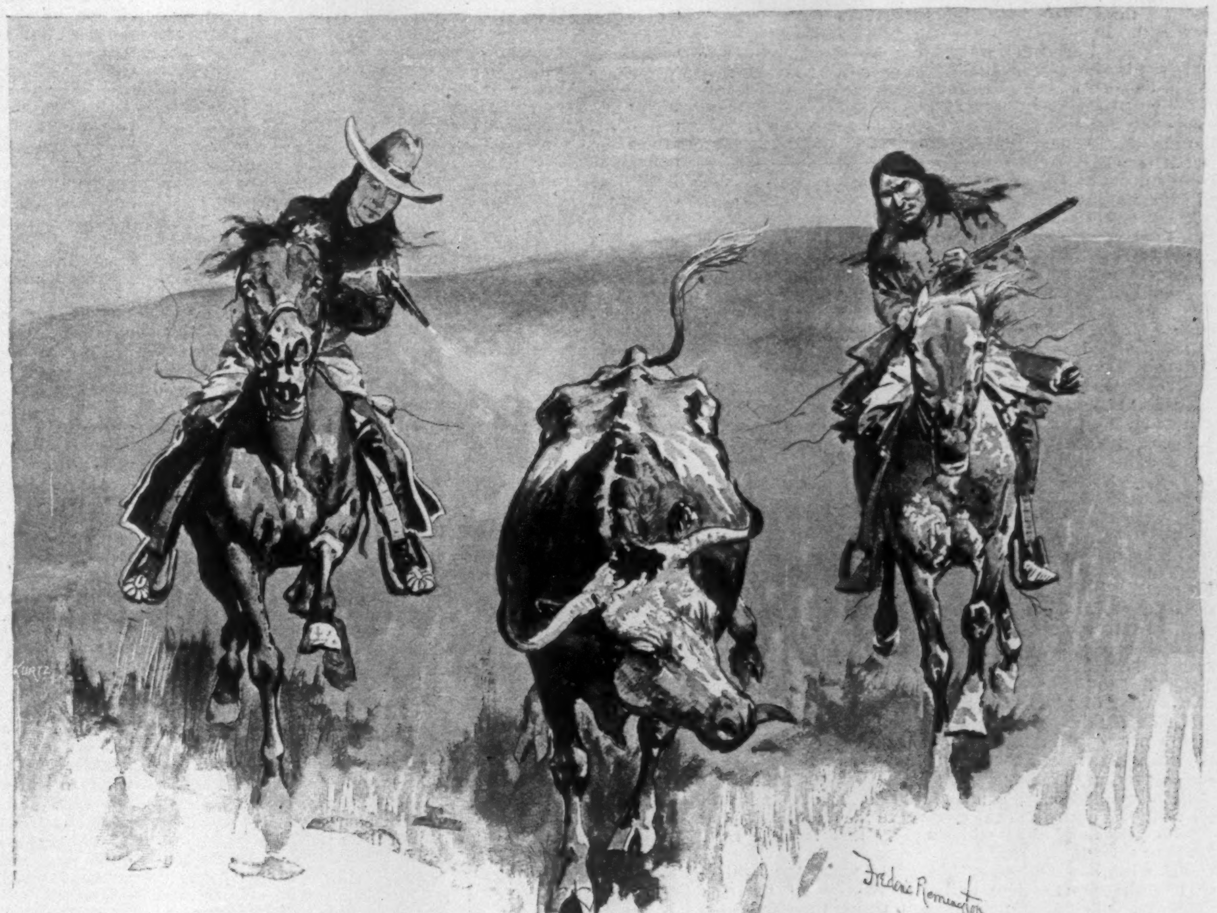


ONE OF WILLIAMSON'S STAGES.

to his mules and very near your ear on the other side of the canvas.

Anadarko is a town of six stores, three or four frame houses, the Indian agent's store and office, and the City Hotel. Seven houses in the West make a city. I said I thought this was the worst hotel in the Indian Territory, but the officers at Fort Sill, who have travelled more than I, think it is the worst in the United States. It is possible that they are right. There are bluffs and bunches of timber around Anadarko, but the prairie stretches toward the west, and on it is the pen from which the cattle are issued. The tepees and camp fires sprang up overnight, and when we came out the next morning, the prairie was crowded with them, and more Indians were driving in every minute, with the family in the wagon and the dogs under it, as the country people in the East flock into town for the circus. The men galloped off to the cattle pen, and the women gathered in a long line in front of the agent's store to wait their turn for the rations. It was a very curious line, with very young girls in it, very proud of the little babies in beaded knapsacks on their backs—dirty, bright-eyed babies that looked like mummies suddenly come to life again at the period of their first childhood—and wrinkled, bent old squaws, even more like mummies, with coarse white hair, and hands worn almost out of shape with work. Each of these had a tag, such as those the express companies use, on which was printed the number in each family, and the amount of grain, flour, baking-powder, and soap to which the family was entitled. They passed in at one door and in front of a long counter, and out at another. They crowded and pushed a great deal, almost as much as their fairer sisters do in front of the box office at a Patti matinée, and the babies blinked stoically at the sun, and seemed to wish they could get their arms out of the wrappings and rub away the tears. A man in a sombrero would look at the tag and call out, "One of flour, two of sugar, one soap, and one baking-powder," and his Indian assistants delved into the barrels behind the line of the counter, and emptied the rations into the squaw's open apron. She sorted them when she reached the outside. By ten o'clock the distribution was over, and the women followed the men to the cattle-pen on the prairie. There were not over 300 Indians there, although they represented several thousand others, who remained in the different camps scattered over the reservation, wherever water and timber, and bluffs to shield them best from the wind, were to be found in common. Each steer is calculated to supply 25 Indians with beef for two weeks, or from one and a half to two pounds of beef a day; this is on the supposition that the steers average from 1000 to 1200 pounds. The steers I saw issued weighed about 500 pounds, and when they tried to run, stumbled with the weakness of starvation. They were nothing but hide and ribs and two horns. They were driven four at a time through a long chute, and halted at the gate at the end of it until their owners' names were marked off the list. The Indians were gathered in front of the gate in long rows, or in groups of ten or twelve, sitting easily in their saddles, and riding off leisurely in bunches of four as their names were called out, and as their cattle were started off with a parting kick into the open prairie. The Apaches, Comanches, Delawares, and Towacomies drove their share off towards their camps; the Caddoes and the Kiowas, who live near the agency, and who were served last, killed theirs, if they chose to do so, as soon as they left the pen. A man in charge of the issue held a long paper in his hand, and called out, "Eckhoos-cho, Pe-an-voon-it, Hoos-cho, and Cho-noo-chy," which meant that Red-Bird, Large-Looking-Glass, The Bird, and Deer-Head were to have the next four steers. His assistant, an Indian policeman, with "God helps them who help themselves" engraved on his brass buttons, with the figure of an Indian toiling at a plough in the centre, repeated these names aloud, and designated which steer was to go to which Indian. A beef issue is not a pretty thing to watch. Why the government does not serve its meat with the throats cut, as any reputable butcher would do it, is not possible to determine. It seems to prefer, on the contrary, that the Indian should exhibit his disregard for the suffering of animals and his bad marksmanship at the same time. When the representatives of the more distant tribes had ridden off, chasing their beef before them, the Caddoes and Kiowas gathered close around the gate of the pen, with the boys in front. They were handsome, mischievous boys, with leather leggings, colored green and blue, and with silver buttons down the side, and beaded buckskin shirts. They sat two on each pony, and each held his bow and arrows, and as the steers came stumbling blindly out into the open, they let the arrows drive from a distance of ten feet into the animal's flank and neck, where they stuck quivering. Then the Indian boys would yell, and their fathers, who had hunted buffaloes with arrows, smiled approvingly. The arrows were not big enough to kill, they merely hurt, and the steer would rush off into a clumsy gallop for fifty yards, when its owner would raise his Winchester, and make the dust spurt up around it, until one bullet would reach a leg, and the steer would stop for an instant, with a desperate toss of its head, and stagger forward again on three. The dogs to the number of twenty or more were around it by this time in a snarling, leaping pack, and the owner would try again, and wound it perhaps in the flank, and it would lurch over heavily like a drunken man, shaking its head from side to side and tossing its horns at the dogs, who bit at the place where the blood ran, and snapped at its legs. Sometimes it would lie there for an hour, until it bled to death, or again it would scramble to its feet, and the dogs would start off in a panic of fear after a more helpless victim.

The field grew thick with these miniature butcheries, the Winchesters cracking, and the spurts of smoke rising and drifting away, the dogs yelping, and the Indians wheeling in quick circles around the steer, shooting as they rode, and hitting the mark once in every half-dozen shots. It was the most unsportsmanlike and wantonly cruel exhibition I have ever seen. A bull in a ring has a fighting chance and takes it, but these animals, who were too weak to stand, and too frightened to run, staggered about until the Indians had finished torturing them, and then, with blood spurting from their mouths, would pitch forward and die. And they had to be quick about it, before the squaws began cutting off the hide while the flanks were still heaving. This is the view of a beef issue which the friend of the Indian does not like to take. He prefers calling your attention to the condition of the cattle served the Indian, and in showing how outrageously he is treated in this respect. The government either purchases steers for the Indians a few weeks before an issue, or three or four months previous to it, feeding them meanwhile on the government reservation. The latter practice is much more satisfactory to the contractor, as it saves him the cost and care of these cattle during the winter, and the inevitable loss which must ensue in that time through illness and starvation. Those I saw had been purchased in October, and had been weighed and branded at that time with the government brand. They were then allowed to roam over the government reservation until the spring, when they had fallen off in weight from one-half to one-third. They were then issued at their original weight. That is, a steer which in October was found to weigh 1100 pounds, and which



THE BEEF ISSUE AT ANADARKO.

would supply twenty or more people with meat, was supposed to have kept this weight throughout the entire winter, and was issued at 1100, although it had not 300 pounds of flesh on its bones. The agent is not to blame for this. This is the fault of the government, and it is quite fair to suppose that some one besides the contractor benefits by the arrangement. When the beef is issued two weeks after the contract has been made, it can and frequently is rejected by the army officer in charge of the issue if he thinks it is unfit. But the officers present at the issue I saw were as helpless as they were indignant, for the beef had weighed the weight credited to it once when it was paid for, and the contractor had saved the expense of keeping it, and the Indian received just one-fourth of the meat due him, and for which he had paid in land.

Fort Sill, which is a day's journey in a stage from Anadarko, is an eight-company post situated on the table-land of a hill, with other hills around it, and is, though somewhat inaccessible, as interesting and beautiful a spot to visit as many others which we cross the ocean to see. I will be able to tell why this is so when I write something later about the army posts. There are any number of Indians here, and they add to the post a delightfully picturesque and foreign element. L Troop of the Seventh cavalry, which is an Indian troop, is the nucleus around which the other Indians gather. The troop is encamped at the foot of the hill on which the post stands. It shows the Indian civilized by uniform, and his Indian brother uncivilized in his blanket and war-paint, and although I would not like to hurt the feelings of the patient, enthusiastic officers who have enlisted the Indians for these different troops for which the government calls, I think the blanket Indian is a much more warlike-looking and interesting individual. But you mustn't say so, as George the Third advised. The soldier Indians live in regulation tents staked out in rows, and with the ground around so cleanly kept that one could play tennis on it, and immediately back of these are the conical tepees of their wives, brothers, and grandmothers, and what Lieutenant Scott is going to do with all these pretty young squaws and beautiful children and withered old witches and their two or three hundred wolf-dogs when he marches forth to war with his Indian troop, is one of the questions his brother officers find much entertainment in asking.

The Indian children around this encampment were the brightest spot in my entire Western trip. They are the prettiest and most beautifully barbaric little children I have ever seen. They grow out of it very soon, but that is no reason why one should not make the most of it while it lasts. And they are as wild and fearful of the white visitor, unless he happens to be Lieutenant Scott or Second Lieutenant Quay, as the antelope in the prairie around him. It required a corporal's guard, two lieutenants, and three squaws to persuade one of them to stand still and be photographed, and whenever my camera and I appeared together there was a wild stampede of Indian children, which no number of looking-glasses or dimes or strings of beads could allay. Not that they would not take the bribes, but they would run as soon as they had snatched them. It was very distressing, for I did not mean to hurt them very much. The older people were kinder, and would let me sit inside the tepees, which were very warm on the coldest days, and watch them cook, and play their queer games, and work moccasins, and gamble at monte for brass rings if they were women, or for cartridges if they were men. And for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, I think the Indian monte-dealer can instruct a Chinese poker-player in many things. What was so fine about them was their dignity and strict hospitality and suppression of all curiosity. They always received a present as though they were doing you a favor, and you felt that you were paying tribute. This makes them difficult to deal with as soldiers. They cannot be treated as white men, and put in the guard-house for every slight offence. Lieutenant Scott has to explain things to them, and praise them, and excite a spirit of emulation amongst them by commending those publicly who have done well. For instance, they hate to lose their long hair, and Lieutenant Scott did not order them to have it cut, but told them it would please him if they did, and so one by one, and in bunches of three and four, they tramped up the hill to the post barber, and back again with their locks in their hands to barter them for tobacco with the post trader. The Indians at Fort Sill were a temperate lot, and Lieutenant Harris, who has charge of the canteen, growled because they did not drink enough to pay for their share of the dividend which is returned to each troop at the end of the month.

Lieutenant Scott obtained his ascendency over his troop in several ways—first, by climbing a face of rock, and, with the assistance of Lieutenant Quay, taking an eagle from the nest it had built there. Every Indian in the reservation knew of that nest, and had long wanted the eagle's feathers for a war-bonnet, but none of them had ever dared to climb the mirrorlike surface of the cliff, with the rocks below. The fame of this exploit spread, by what means it is hard to understand among people who have no newspapers or letters, but at beef issues, perhaps, or Messiah dances, or casual meetings on the prairie, which help to build up reputations and make the prowess of one chief known to those of all the other tribes, or the beauty of an Indian girl familiar. Then, following this exploit, three little Indian children ran away from school because they had been flogged, and tried to reach their father's tent fifteen miles off on the reservation, and were found half buried in the snow and frozen to death. One of them was without his heavier garments, which he had wrapped around his younger brother. The terrified school-teacher sent a message to the fort begging for two troops of cavalry to protect him from the wrath of the older Indians, and the post commander sent out Lieutenant Scott alone to treat with them. His words were much more effective than two troops of cavalry would have been, and the threatened outbreak was stopped. The schoolmaster fled to the woods, and never came back. What the Indians saw of Lieutenant Scott at this crisis made them trust him for the future, and this and the robbery of the eagle's nest explain partly, as do his gentleness and consideration, the remarkable hold he has over them. Some one was trying to tell one of the chiefs how the white man could bring lightning down from the sky, and make it talk for him from one end of the country to the other.

"Oh yes," the Indian said, simply, "that is quite true. Lieutenant Scott says so."

But what has chiefly contributed to make the lieutenant's work easy for him is his knowledge of the sign language, with which the different tribes, though speaking different languages, can communicate one with the other. He is said to speak this more correctly and fluently than any other officer in the army, and perhaps any other white man. It is a very curious language. It is not at all like the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, which *is* an alphabet, and is not pretty to watch. It is just what its name implies—a language of signs. The first time I saw the lieutenant speaking it, I confess I thought, having heard of his skill at Fort Reno, that he was only doing it because he could do it, as young men who speak French prefer to order their American dinners in that language when the waiter can understand English quite as well as themselves. I regarded it as a pleasing weakness, and was quite sure that the lieutenant was going to meet the Indian back of the canteen and say it over again in plain every-day words. In this I wronged him; but it was not until I had watched his Irish sergeant converse in this silent language for two long hours with half a dozen Indians of different tribes, and had seen them all laugh heartily at his witticisms delivered in semaphoric gestures, that I really believed in it. It seems that what the lieutenant said was, "Tell the first sergeant that I wish to see the soldiers drill at one o'clock, and, after that, go to the store and ask Madeira if there is to be a beef issue to day." It is very difficult to describe in writing how he did this, and as it is a really pretty thing to watch, it seems a pity to spoil it. As well as I remember it, he did something like this. He first drew his hand over his sleeve to mark the sergeant's stripes; then he held his fingers upright in front of him, and moved them forward to signify soldiers; by holding them in still another position, he represented soldiers drilling; then he made a spy-glass out of his thumb and first finger and looked up through it at the sky—this represented the sun at one o'clock. "After that" was a quick cut in the air; the "store" was an interlacing of the fingers, to signify a place where one thing met or was exchanged for another; "Madeira" he named; beef was a turning up of the fingers, to represent horns; and how he represented issue, I have no idea. It is a most curious thing to watch, for they change from one sign to the other with the greatest rapidity. I always regarded it with great interest as a sort of game, and tried to guess what the different gestures might mean. Some of the signs are very old, and their origin is as much in dispute as some of the lines in the first folios of Shakespeare, and have nearly as many commentators. All the Indians know these signs, but very few of them can tell how they came to mean what they do. "To go to war," for instance, is shown by sweeping the right arm out with the thumb and first finger at right angles; this comes from an early custom among the Indians of carrying a lighted pipe before them when going on the war-path. The thumb and finger in that position are supposed to represent the angle of the bowl of the pipe and the stem.

I visited a few of the Indian schools when I was in the Territory, and found the pupils quite learned. The teachers are not permitted to study the Indian languages, and their charges in consequence hear nothing but English, and so pick it up the more quickly. The young women who teach them seem to labor under certain disadvantages; one of them was reading the English lesson from a United States history intended for much older children—grown-up children, in fact—and explained that she had to order and select the school-books she used from a list furnished by the government, and could form no opinion of its appropriateness until it arrived.

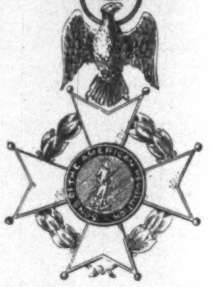
Some of the Indian parents are very proud of their children's progress, and on beef-issue days visit the schools, and listen with great satisfaction to their children speaking in the unknown tongue. There were several in one of the school-rooms while I was there, and the teacher turned them out of their chairs to make room for us, remarking pleasantly that the Indians were accustomed to sitting around on the ground. She afterwards added to this by telling us that there was no sentiment in *her*, and that she taught Indians for the fifty dollars there was in it. The mother of one of the little boys was already crouching on the floor as we came in, or squatting on her heels, as they seem to be able to do without fatigue for any length of time. During the half-hour we were there she never changed her position or turned her head to look at us, but kept her eyes fixed only on her son sitting on the bench above her. He was a very plump, clean, and excited little Indian, with his hair cut short, and dressed in a very fine pair of trousers and jacket, and with shoes and stockings. He was very keen to show the white visitors how well he knew their talk, and read his book with a masterful shaking of the head, as though it had no terrors for him. His mother kneeling at his side on the floor wore a single garment, and over that a dirty blanket strapped around her waist with a beaded belt. Her feet were bare, and her coarse hair hung down over her face and down her back almost to her waist in an unkempt mass. She supported her chin on one hand, and with the other hand, black and wrinkled, and with nails broken by cutting wood and harnessing horses and ploughing in the fields, brushed her hair back from before her eyes, and then touched her son's arm wistfully, as a dog tries to draw his master's eyes, and as though he were something fragile and fine. But he paid no attention to her whatsoever; he was very much interested in the lesson. She was the only thing I saw in the schoolroom. I wondered if she was thinking of the days when she carried his weight on her back as she went about her cooking or foraging for wood, or swung him from a limb of a tree, and of the first leather leggings she made for him when he was able to walk, and of the necklace of elk teeth, and the arrows which he used to fire bravely at the prairie-dogs. He was a very different child now, and so very far away from the doglike figure crouching by his side and gazing up patiently into his face, as if looking for something she had lost.

It is quite too presumptuous to suggest any opinion on the Indian question when one has only lived with them for three weeks, but the experience of others who have lived with them for thirty years is worth repeating. You will find that the individual point of view regarding the Indian is much biassed by the individual interests. A man told me that in his eyes no one under heaven was better than a white man, and if the white man had to work for his living, he could not see why the Indian should not work for his. I asked him if he thought of taking up Indian land in the Territory when it was open in the spring, and he said that was his intention, "and why?" The officers are the only men who have absolutely nothing to gain, make, or lose by the Indians, and their point of view is accordingly the fairest, and they themselves say it would be a mistake to follow the plan now under consideration—of placing officers in charge of the agencies. This would at once strip them of their present neutral position, and, as well, open to them the temptation which the control of many thousands of dollars' worth of property entails where the recipients of this property are as helpless and ignorant as children. They rather favor raising the salary of the Indian agent from two thousand to ten thousand dollars, and by so doing bring men of intelligence and probity into the service, and destroy at the same time the temptation to "make something" out of the office. It may have been merely an accident, but I did not meet with one officer in any of the army posts who did not side with the Indian in his battle for his rights with the government. As for the agents, as the people say in the West, "they are not here for their health." The Indian agents of the present day are, as every one knows, political appointments, and many of them —not all—are men who at home would keep their corner grocery or liquor store, and who would flatter and be civil to every woman in the neighboring tenement who came for a pound of sugar or a pitcher of beer. These men are suddenly placed in the control of hundreds of sensitive, dangerous, semi-civilized people, whom they are as capable of understanding as a Bowery boy would be of appreciating an Arab of the desert. The agents are not the only people who make mistakes. Some friend mailed me a book the other day on Indian reservations, in order that I might avoid writing what has already been written. I read only one page of the book, in which the author described his manner of visiting the Indian encampments. He would drive to one of these in his ambulance, and upon being informed that the chiefs were waiting to receive him in their tents, would bid them meet him at the next camp, to which he would drive rapidly, and where he would make the same proposition. He would then stop his outfit three miles away on the prairie, and wait for the chiefs to follow him to that point. What his object was in doing this, of which he seemed very well satisfied, he only knows. Whether it was to teach the chiefs they were not masters in their own camps, or that he was a most superior person, I could not make out; but he might just as effectively have visited Washington and sent the President word he could not visit him at the White House, but that he would grant him an interview at his hotel. I wonder just how near this superior young man got to the Indians, and just how wide they opened their hearts to him.

There was an Indian agent once—it was not long ago, but there is no need to give dates or names, for the man is dead —who when the Indians asked him to paint the wagons with which the government furnished them through him in return for their land red instead of green, answered that he would not pander to their absurdly barbaric tastes. Only he did not say absurdly. He was a man who had his own ideas about things, and who was not to be fooled, and he was also a superior person, who preferred to trample on rather than to understand the peculiarities of his wards. So one morning this agent and his wife and children were found hacked to pieces by these wards with barbaric tastes, and the soldiers were called out, and shot many of the Indians; and many white women back of the barracks, and on the line itself, are now wearing mourning, and several officers got their first bar. It would seem from this very recent incident, as well as from many others of which one hears, that it would be cheaper in the end to place agents over the Indians with sufficient intelligence to know just when to be firm, and when to compromise, in a matter, for instance, of painting a wagon red.

SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

An invitation signed by Chauncey M. Depew, president, and C. Creighton Webb, secretary, brought together the other evening, at the close of the convention which had been held in the City Hall, a most remarkable gathering of men, who were, above all other things, Americans. Mr. Depew, the president of the local society, presided, and at his right and left sat the speakers, with a few of the invited guests. These were the Hon. Charles A. Dana; ex-Governor S. B. Buckner, of Kentucky; General Horace Porter; ex-Governor Henry C. Robinson, of Connecticut; William Wirt Henry, of Virginia; the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware; Bishop Cheney, of Chicago; and others. At the six tables below the dais there sat, among others, ex-Governors, ex-Senators, and distinguished men from every section of the country, thirty States having appointed delegates to the congress. Among the distinguished persons present were Jonathan Trumbull, lineally descended from Washington's "Brother Jonathan"; ex-Governor Dillingham, of Vermont; ex-Governor Robert S. Green, of New Jersey; General Theodore S. Peck, of Vermont; H. B. Ledyard, president of the Michigan Central Railroad Company; Buchanan Winthrop; General F. G. Butterfield, of Washington, D. C.; Stuyvesant Fish, of New York; Colonel M. L. Parker; Edmund L. Baylies, Jun.; General A. W. Greely; General J. C. Breckinridge; W. A. N. Wainright, of Connecticut; Edwin S. Barrett, of Massachusetts; George C. Gilmore, of New Hampshire; and Amasa M. Eaton, of Rhode Island.



The banquet, which was served in Delmonico's best style, continued for a short hour; and then the chairs were pushed away from the tables, and faces turned to the dais, to listen to the eloquence which was guaranteed by the list of speakers. It is unnecessary to go into details regarding the speeches; they were all excellent, and, what was best of all, they were couched in the spirit of the loftiest patriotism. It was inspiring and healthful, in these days of business rush and hurry, to hear men of the standing and age of the speakers warmed up to the heights of genuine, glowing, patriotic enthusiasm, which marked every sentence that fell from their lips. The main sentiment, urged by each speaker in turn in different form, was the one that is at the groundwork of the formation of all societies of the Sons of the American Revolution; and it was this: Let it not be mere pride of ancestry or blood that prompts you to put your shoulder to the wheel to foster this feeling of genuine Americanism, but let it be the memory of what your ancestors did, and an earnest adhesion to the principles of the institutions which they founded; to bear in mind that it is of no value to be descended from ancestors who did great deeds if with their blood you have not inherited those qualities which enabled them to perform these deeds.

The speakers were cheered to the echo. A long and eloquent letter, in which the dangers threatening American institutions were pointed out, and the growth of Americanism advocated, was read from the Hon. John Jay, whose illness prevented him from attending the banquet. It was an evening of unalloyed pleasure, and the clocks were striking midnight when Mr. Depew adjourned the banquet *sine die*.

The rapid growth of the society in all the different States indicates a very healthy tone of patriotism, and we have to lift our hats to the magnificent energy and enthusiasm displayed in the societies of the West, South, and Southwest.

The society exists in a flourishing condition in the following States, namely: Alabama, Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Washington, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and the District of Columbia.

All of these States appointed delegates to the convention. A glance at the names of the officers of these respective societies is sufficient to afford all good patriots reassuring signs of the solidity of their organization and the permanence of their institution.

We see men like Governors Dillingham and Stewart, and Senators Edmund and Proctor, in Vermont; Governor Robinson and Jonathan Trumbull, in Connecticut; Vice-President Morton, Stuyvesant Fish, Chauncey M. Depew, John C. Calhoun, Allen McLane Hamilton, of New York; General Breckinridge, General A. W. Greely, General F. G. Butterfield, Dr. George Brown Goode, Admiral Worden, General Schofield, of the District of Columbia; Ex-Governor S. B. Buckner and J. W. Buchanan, of Kentucky; General Bradley T. Johnson and Douglas H. Thomas, of Maryland; Governor Merriam and Albert Edgerton, of Minnesota; Henry M. Shepard and Bishop Cheney, of Illinois; Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware; W. H. English, of Indiana; Lewis Cass Ledyard, John Whitehead, and ex-Governor Green, of New Jersey; Nathan Cole and Edward C. Cobell, of Missouri; General Henry M. Cist, in Ohio; Colonel Thomas M. Anderson, U.S.A., in Oregon; and hundreds of others of equal position and reputation.

MAY SONG.

Birds are singing,
Buds are springing
  Forth to greet the sun;
Boughs are blooming,
And the glooming
  Of the winter's done.

Scents of roses
From the closes
  Of the garden rise;
And glad hours
'Mongst the flowers
  Now the queen bee flies.

Modest clover—
Winter over—
  Dots the meadow's dress,
Dainty naiäds,
Dainty dryads,
  Dance for happiness.

O'er the grasses
Lads and lasses
  Merrily do play.
Gone is sadness,
And all gladness
  Comes sweet smiling May.

John Kendrick Bangs.

THE ACTORS' FUND FAIR.

The actor, as a man, has vastly improved during the last half of this century, yet many belong to the old order—improvident and reckless. They, however, have always compared favorably with their fellow-man in other walks of life; but the calling is extremely hazardous, and the remuneration often uncertain and inadequate. Thirty-five dollars a week is already a very fair average salary, a full season thirty weeks, and even if the "ghost walks" regularly every salary night, it is seen that after hotel bills and the incidentals of travelling are provided for, very little is left for a rainy day. Mr. A. M. Palmer, whose sphere of usefulness is not confined to managing his theatre or road companies, was quick to recognize the necessity of some organized means of assistance, whose headquarters should be in New York—the magnet drawing all the professional element of the country. With this object in view, the Actors' Fund of America was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, June 8, 1882. Mr. Palmer was its first President, and has continued to fill that office; the past year he was ably supported by Mr. Louis Aldrich as First Vice-President, Mr. Edwin Knowles as Second Vice-President, Mr. Frank W. Sanger as Treasurer, and Mr. Charles W. Thomas as Secretary, together with the following gentlemen as a Board of Trustees: Joseph W. Shannon, De Wolf Hopper, Edwin H. Price, M. W. Hanley, Augustus Pitou, H. S. Taylor, Joseph F. Wheelock, F. F. Mackay, Daniel Frohman, Antonio Pastor, Al Hayman, Rudolph Aronson. The year of 1891–2 the Fund distributed $28,879 92, of which $13,110 18 came from sundry benefits throughout the country, and $11,000 from the city of New York as part of the sum collected from the city theatres as license fees.

The object of the fair, which was held at the Madison Square Garden building during the week of May 2d, is to provide a *permanent fund* for the Actors' Fund, upon which its officers could rely for a certain income every year. It was hoped that as much as $100,000 would be realized; and as the fair opened its doors with cash subscriptions of $75,000, and merchandise to the extent of $25,000 more, the original estimate is not at all out of the way. The fair from its inception received the earnest support of the best people in the dramatic profession, among them Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Mrs. Kendal, Fanny Davenport, Madame Modjeska, Lotta, Agnes Booth, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Georgia Cayvan, Viola Allen, Mrs. W. J. Florence, James O'Neill, Joseph Murphy, etc., etc., and such "outsiders" as Governor Flower, Senator Leland Stanford, George J. Gould, George W. Childs, Joseph Pulitzer, James Gordon Bennett, Elliot F. Shepard, Elbridge T. Gerry, ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney, Morris K. Jessup, Hon. Perry Belmont, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, General Horace Porter, Hon. Thomas C. Platt, Calvin S. Brice, D. O. Mills, and a host of other well-known and influential people. While the officers of the fund did the "wire-pulling" and thinking, seconded by Mr. A. M. de Frece, who, while not connected with the stage, gave his services most unselfishly, the ladies of the profession, chaperoned and guided by Mrs. A. M. Palmer, did most of the hard work, *i. e.*, collecting enough money to see the enterprise safely on its feet before the "show" was opened to the public. Conspicuous among these earnest workers were Mrs. E. E. Kidder, Mrs. Edwin Knowles, and the Misses Cayvan, Clayton, Evesson, Morton, Fischer, Craigen, Robson, and Agnes Booth. All honor and fame to the gallant endeavors of these ladies and their fellow-workers! Without their enthusiasm, I am afraid the fair would have had but indifferent success.

Any one who has ever had aught to do for a fair must know what a thankless task it is to collect subscriptions. Men in such emergencies are not half so well equipped as women; the latter trip into the business man's office with a smile of confidence that carries with it conviction, and means surrender. The poor weak man would, in numberless cases, meet with a hearty "bluff," and collect a ten-dollar bill, while the vision of loveliness, in her trim tailor-made gown, is bowed out to the door with a hundred-dollar check in her pocket, and the victim slowly realizes how well it was done, and wonders how she did it. The ladies of the profession proved themselves apt scholars at this work, and their success in such a noble cause has brought to them honors far away beyond those they have ever gathered behind the footlights.

The opening night of the fair was oppressively close and sultry, yet by nine o'clock the vast arena was more than uncomfortably crowded by a representative gathering. At three o'clock that afternoon many things were yet in a chaotic state. Mrs. Booth, needle and thread in hand, was just putting the final touches on the millinery in Shakespeare's House—a fac-simile as to size and design of that at Stratford-on-Avon; Miss Filkins was actually wielding a broom and cleaning house; Miss Estelle Clayton had her sleeves rolled up, and had forsaken the stage for that moment; Miss Fischer, Miss Story, and "Jennie June" were at work in the Old Curiosity Shop; and Stanford White, Louis Aldrich, and Mr. Palmer were everywhere. At that moment I had my misgivings that everything would be ready on time, but when I saw "Ben" Sherwood take a chair to rest, I went away satisfied.

All descriptions of the fair and its street of "booths" gave a very imperfect idea of the effect intended and realized. The garden arena, which is the most kaleidoscopic affair in this country, never showed to better advantage. As you entered the arena, the semicircle of classic columns, surmounted by a beautiful design in electric lights, held the toys, artists' materials, and children's goods, presided over by Mrs. E. J. Phillips, Mrs. Matt Morgan, and Mrs. Fernandez. In the old Duke's Theatre, Mrs. Ettie Henderson, Miss Bertha Welby, and Mrs. Harrigan displayed a gracious hospitality. Across the street, in the old Globe Theatre, looking more like a dungeon than the playhouse where the Immortal Bard first produced his ever-enduring works, Mrs. Frank Mayo presided over the Art Gallery. In the Shakespeare House next door, Mrs. Agnes Booth, looking more brilliant than ever, showed how to look well in bonnet and fal-lals; Miss Georgia Cayvan tried ineffectually to sell other photographs besides her own, while Mrs. Rachel McAuley dispensed literature to the needy. In Tenney's Booth, Mrs. E. E. Kidder made soda-water palatable to every one, and such was her attractive support that soda-water entered upon an unprecedented revival of popularity. Mrs. Edwin Knowles and Miss Viola Allen looked after the fancy articles and furniture in the old Chatham Street Theatre. In the old Park, Mrs. C. A. Doremus dispensed the drugs and perfumes, while the Lamp-Room, all in pink, was still farther illuminated by the presence of Miss Estelle Clayton and Miss Isabel Evesson. In the Gorham Booth, Mrs. Harrison Grey Fiske sold souvenir spoons, while Miss Dora Goldthwaite looked after the diamonds and precious stones in the Moorish Booth. At the Twelfth-night Club's Booth, Miss Fetter showed how ornaments should be sold; and Mrs. Croly, at the Old Curiosity Shop, handled the curios with evident respect; while Miss Rockman, at the other end of the street, ladled out lemonade so recklessly that Rebecca's Well several times ran dry.

At the Fourth Avenue end of the arena the Flower Booth and May-pole rounded off the street with a mass of green and color. Here Miss Julia Arthur, Miss Maud Harrison, Miss Eleanor Mayo, and others were in attendance. Roses never were so sweet nor so well sold.

> "L'esprit est à la beauté,
> Ce que la rosée du matin est aux fleurs,"

said De Bernis; and I never realized more how well it was said than in looking upon that grouping of beauty and loveliness amid the roses and carnations, all for sweet charity's sake.

Precisely at eight o'clock Mr. Palmer rose in the tribune opposite the Shakespeare House, and, in a short and well-chosen speech, introduced Mr. Edwin Booth and Mr. Joseph Jefferson. Both were received with overwhelming enthusiasm—fresh proof of how dear they both are to the American public. Part of Mr. Jefferson's speech was this poem:

"May I say that all the varied gifts of his possession
The wondering world asks, what was his profession?
Of course he was a lawyer, says the lawyer.
He must have been a sawyer, says the sawyer.
The corner druggist says he was a chemist.
The skilled mechanic dubs him a machinist.
The thoughtful sage declares him a great thinker,
And every tinman swears he was a tinker.
And so he is claimed by every trade and factor.
Your pardon, gentlemen, he was an actor.
Pray, take my hand, and come with me
To where once stood the famous mulberry-tree.
Then on to Stratford Church. Here take a peep
At where the fathers of the hamlets sleep.
They hold a place of honor for the dead—
The family of Shakespeare at the head.
Before the altar of this sacred place
They have been given burial and grace.
And oh, my comrades, brothers all in art,
Permit me just one moment to depart
From this my subject, urging you some day
To seek this sacred spot, and humbly pray
That Shakespeare's rage toward us will kindly soften.
Because, you know, we've murdered him so often.
I ask this for myself, a poor comedian,
What should I do had I been a tragedian?"

As he recited these last few lines, he turned about and glared with that irresistibly comical look of his at Booth. The latter could only feebly respond to the jest. Many eyes were wet at the unmistakable evidence that the greatest and last of our Shakespearian players and scholars has passed irrevocably into the sere and yellow leaf. At the conclusion of Mr. Jefferson's address, Mrs. Palmer waved a small national flag, Cappa's Seventh Regiment band struck up the national air, and the fair was formally opened.

As I sat opposite to the old Park Theatre, built in 1796, where now is "Newspaper Row," my mind involuntarily turned to the long line of distinguished actors and actresses who since that time—nearly a century ago—have labored for the advancement of the American stage; and how great would be their satisfaction could they have witnessed the enthusiasm of that opening night, and with what sympathy and pleasure the public greeted upon an equal footing their favorites from beyond the foot-lights. It was not so many years before the building of the old Park Theatre that in Europe actors were stoned and looked upon as outlaws.

Harry P. Mawson.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

You hev to holt it sidewise
  Fer to make the lightness show,
'Cuz it's sort uh dim an' shifty
  Till you git it right—'bout *so!*
An' then the eyes winks at yeh,
  An' the mouth is cherry ripe.
Law! it beats your new-style picters,
  This old digerrytype!

Thar's a blush acrost the dimples
  Thet burrows in the cheeks;
F'om out them clumps o' ringlets
  Two little small ears peeks,
Thet brooch thet jines her neck-gear
  Is what they used to wear;
A big gold frame thet sprawled around
  A lock o'—some one's hair.

'Twas took 'fore we was married,
  Thet there—your maw an' me.
An' times I study on it,
  Why, 't fazes me to see
Thet fifty year 'ain't teched her
  A lick! She's jest the same
She was when Sudie Scriggens
  Took Boone C. Curds's name.

The hair is mebby whiter
  'An it was in '41,
But her cheeks is jest as pinky,
  An' her smiles 'ain't slacked up none.
I reckon—love—er somethin'
  Yerluminates her face,
Like the crimsont velvet linin'
  Warms up the picter-case.

'S I say, these cyard boa'd portraits,
  They make me sort uh tired,
A-grinnin' forf upun yeh
  Like their very lips was wired!
Give me the old digerrytype,
  Whar the face steals on your sight
Like a dream that comes by night-time
  When your supper's actin' right!

Eva Wilder McGlasson.

A BURIAL AT SEA.

For every sailor awaits the chance that his burial-place may be not in some peaceful God's acre at home, but in distant lands, or, worst of all, in the turbulent deeps of the great open. This is a common fate, and a cruel one, for surely it is hard that the struggle for existence which denies the shore to the seaman in life should often in death be so pitiless.

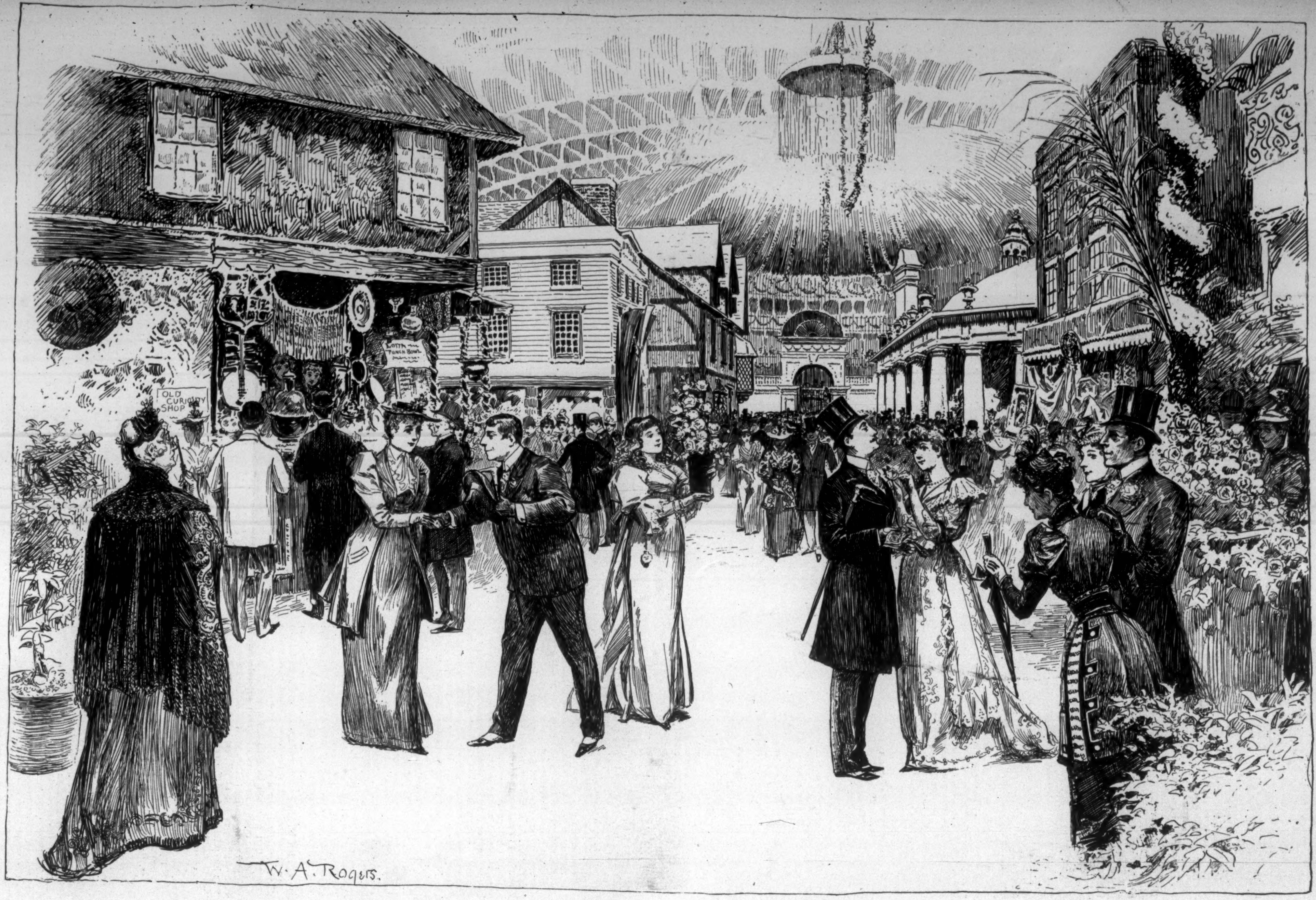
At the best, the mariner's days are bitter with denials, sacrifices, hardships; and everywhere, in most unexpected forms, and from the action of a thousand causes which would be inoperative ashore, misery, sickness, and death are about him. The ordinary demands of ship routine, his duties alow and aloft, in harbor, upon the ocean—all are so hazardous, so dependent upon quick eyes, strong hands, clear heads, and alert intelligences that the least mischance of judgment or of grip, the slightest physical mistake, may be fatal. Be assured the sailor feels this. It is bred in his bone; it is the earliest and the latest lesson he learns; and this perpetual menace enters his soul so deeply and so early that even in strongest and blithest manhood his face is filled with the pathos born of this cruelty of the sea.

When maritime Jack dies, he is buried without much undue ceremony. A brief prayer, a shotted hammock, the lee rail, and all is over. But on board a ship of war a sailor's funeral is pathetic in its dignified simplicity. No muster of the ship's company is, naturally, so sad as this, and you can see it on the faces of all when the subdued shrilling of the bo'sw'n's whistle is followed by the long-drawn-out and modulated call of "All hands bury the dead!" The men come aft quietly, and take their allotted stations. To leeward, if it be at sea, or upon the port side of the quarter-deck if in port, the seamen are ranged in the front rank; behind them are the ordinary seamen; and in rear of both, the apprentices and the landsmen. In the gangway forward of the mainmast, on such ships as still have sail power, the senior petty officers stand at attention. Around the coffin, folded in the jack or national ensign, are grouped the pall-bearers, selected usually from the dead man's mess or gun division, and close at hand, resting on arms, the marine guard is paraded. Nearest the coffin are the chaplain and the captain, and then, in the order of their rank, stretch aft the other officers of the ship.

The ensign at the peak, or staff, flutters tremblingly at half-mast, and from overhead the yard and stay tackles swing lazily, ready to lift the coffin outboard. When the weather permits, the way of the ship is stopped, and, it may be, little flickers of idling steam curl upward and to leeward like incense, and the wind in the backed and fretting topsails murmurs a dirge. The order to "uncover" is passed gently, and while the beautiful words of the burial service are being read, the hush of the living is accentuated by the low accompaniments of sea sounds—by the rumple of eager waters eddying sternward, and by the surging of the breeze in the hollows of the canvas and through the rigging and gear. When the closing prayer is said, the last blessing given, the tackles are manned, the coffin is stripped of its flags and slung in straps, and slowly, reverently, is hoisted above the rail, and clear of the ship, until it is poised over the billows. The marines load, aim, fire—in all three volleys, that awaken rattling echoes in the hidden spaces of the ship; the bugle sounds "taps" tenderly and sweetly, with a newer meaning of sleep and rest; the coffin swings further out, and is lowered gently until the foam and spoondrift moisten it; the tackles are detached with sudden jerk, and in an instant the weighted box shoots downward, bedded in foam and bubbles, and all is over until the sea gives up its dead.

In a little while the cheery whistles trill out a call to duty, the half-masted ensign climbs to the dasher block, the ship is brought to her course, and dazedly the men take up the wearying routine of the lives so sadly broken. An unusual quiet rests upon the vessel and around the mess tables; but in the groups gathered to smoke during supper hour, and after the hammocks are piped down, the virtues—those heroic and honest sea virtues—of the dead sailor are recalled, and with a tenderness born of a comradeship closer than any other men except soldiers may know.

J. D. Jerrold Kelley.


OLD CURIOSITY SHOP
LOTTA PUNCH BOWL
W. A. Rogers.

AT THE ACTORS' FUND FAIR.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 463.]

ALASKA'S MINING REGIONS.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.—ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. EDWARDS.

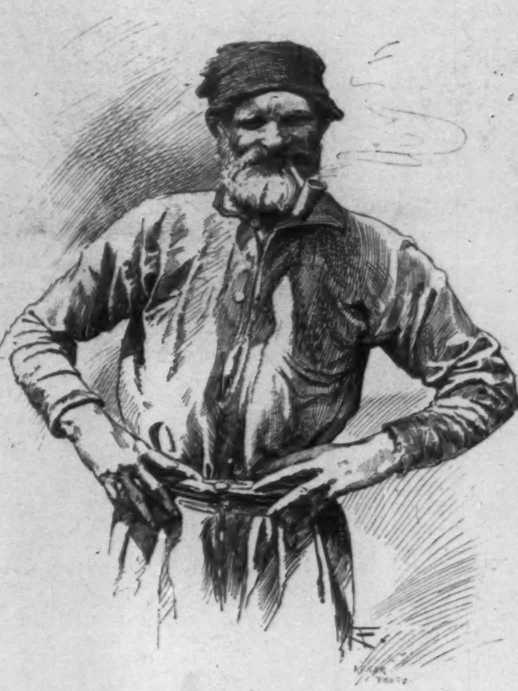
SLOWLY, in the face of every obstacle, the independent prospectors and pioneers have discovered and opened mining regions in Alaska, and added some five millions in gold to the wealth of the world. Towns have opened up, cabins and tents dot the shores of southeastern Alaska, and civilization has been carried to the furthest wilderness. Chasing the bubble of each new mining boom northward along the Pacific coast, the prospector has crossed the great divide, washed the pale arctic gold from Yukon gulches, and reached the furthest limit of mining enterprise.

So different were the conditions in Alaska that the first miners found little resemblance to their experiences in other Territories. Separated from the rest of the United States by British Columbia, whose mountainous and densely forested coast region is still impassable to foot travel, the prospector was dependent upon expensive steamer communication. Once arrived there, every condition was reversed. The canoe became his pack-mule, and waterways were his only trails. The tides rose and fell twelve and eighteen feet in the fiords he searched, and an annual rainfall of seven and eight *feet* effectually laid the dust. The hundreds who flocked to the Juneau region in 1880 found that there was no military post in the Territory, no shadow of civil government, no civil officers save collector and postmaster, and no land laws that permitted him to take up a claim or a homestead. There were no Indian agents nor Indian reservations, save as the whole Territory was and is still Indian country by the absolute prohibition of intoxicating liquors within its limits. It was a land of negations, of paradoxes and puzzles.

Alaska is the self-made Territory in every sense. Its pioneers worked as long and earnestly for the yoke of civil law as any oppressed people ever fought for liberty and release from odious government. It was seventeen years after the purchase from Russia before Congress granted Alaska even the present skeleton form of civil government, much less "the enjoyment of *all* the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States," or "maintained and protected" them "in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion." Then it was the miner's pick which opened the doors of Congress, and Senator Harrison, championing their cause, framed the bill which, in mangled form, finally gave the people the fraction of what the treaty with Russia had long ago promised. All the more credit is hence due these citizens of the Territory, which has paid for itself three times since the United States purchased it, the seal islands alone having put back the original $7,200,000 into the Treasury, and the fish, land, furs, minerals, and other resources doubling the sum in the value of what they have provided for the world's consumption.

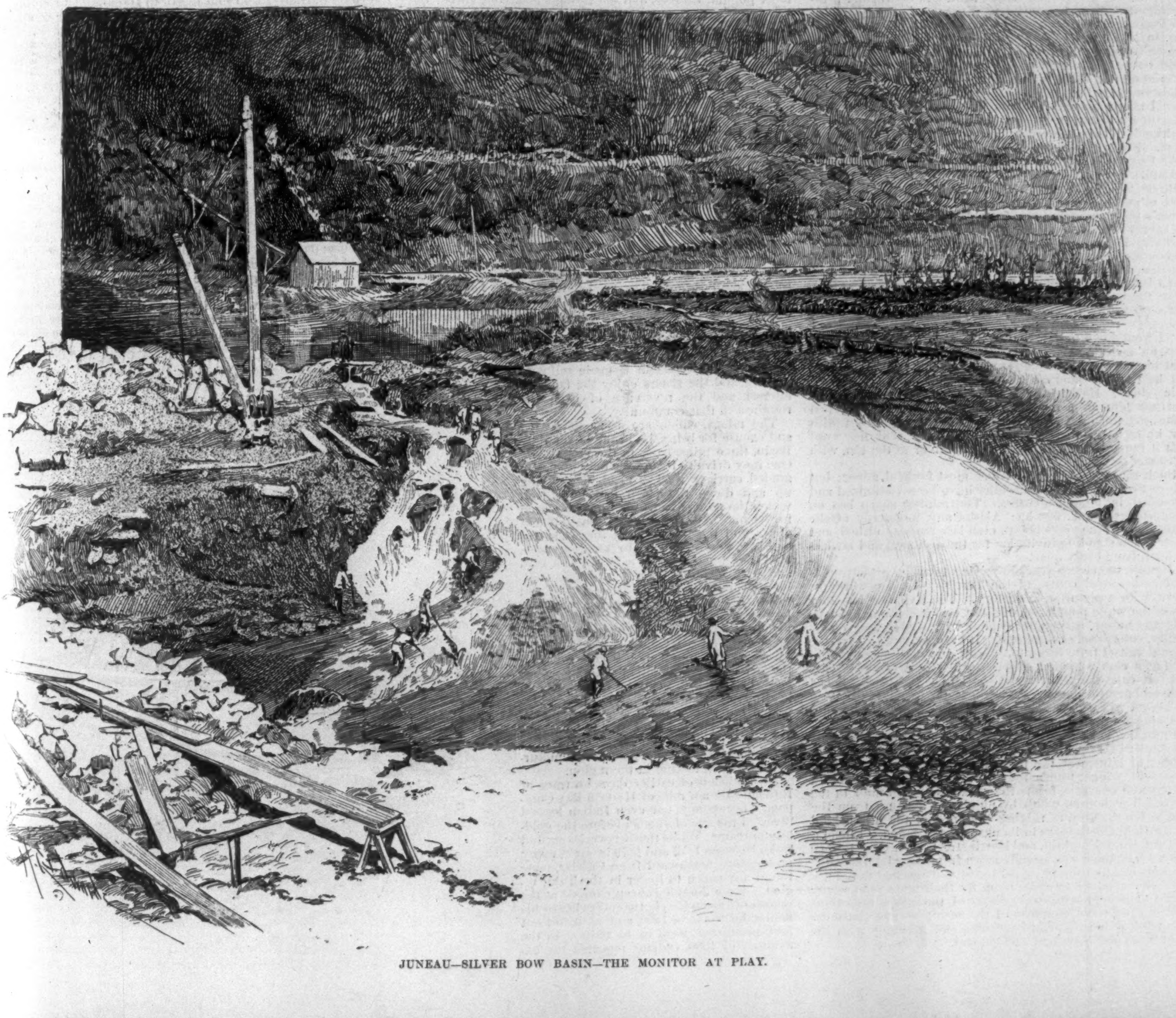
Alaska's wealth of timber is untouched, as until 1891 timber laws devised for the arid, treeless plains have been vigorously enforced. Only mineral lands being then subject to entry, he who cut firewood or sawed lumber was a timber thief, and was prosecuted—all in a country where the forests are boundless, almost impenetrable, and the chief obstacle to exploration and settlement. Salmon canneries, surrounded by unbroken leagues of woodland, sent twelve hundred miles below to Puget Sound saw-mills for the pine boxes in which to pack their tins for shipment. And these people, enjoying a far milder climate than Scotland's or Norway's, surrounded by almost tropical vegetation, must send the same distance for their marketing, as no one could take up agricultural land, or, much less, afford the cost of clearing and draining it. Over these obstacles the pioneers have partially triumphed, and in March, 1891, President Harrison had satisfaction in signing the bill which allows these citizens to secure public lands for town-site purposes at the rate of one dollar a quarter of an acre, with the costs of survey added; and land for trading and manufacturing purposes at two dollars and a half an acre. Settlers and miners may cut timber, for use on their own claims or lands, from any public lands not reserved or appropriated. Under these conditions, the pioneer may now have a home.

The working-man need not complain in Alaska. Three dollars a day, with board and lodging provided by his employers, are miner's wages. Indian workmen in the mines receive two dollars a day, and "find" themselves. The cost of provisions adds a dollar a day for each white employé to the expenses of the mining company, and with these items in the operating expenses, any fractions of dividends sufficiently prove the richness of the mines. Hydraulic mining begins in May and lasts until October; and unless they are situated in snow-choked cañons, difficult of access, the quartz-mills can run all the year round. The great Treadwell mill on Douglas Island thunders night and day, winter and summer, grinding out in the twelve months ending with last May $769,765 80—sufficient answer to all that has been said against Alaska's being or becoming a great mining country.

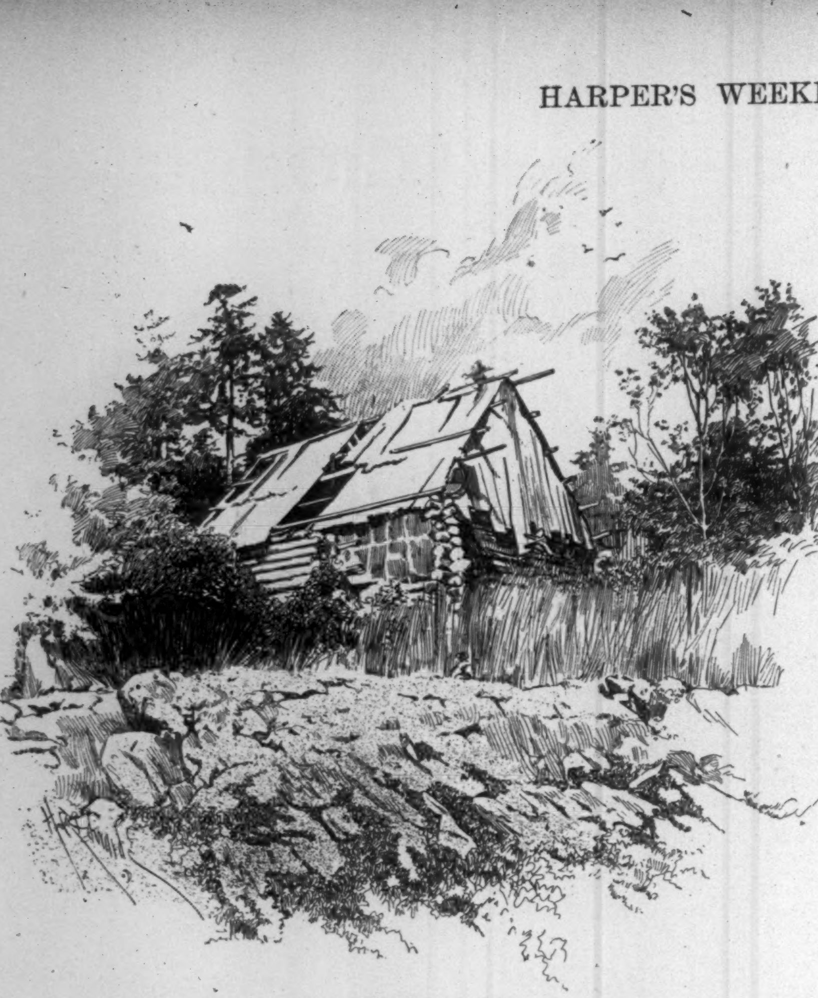


AN ALASKAN MINER.

Under fur-traders' rule, gold was never really discovered in Russian America. There is a tradition that soon after Baranoff's settlement at Sitka, in the earliest years of this century, a hunter brought him a piece of gold from a neighboring creek bed, and the promise of the knout dissuaded the finder from further prospecting, and had a sufficient effect



JUNEAU—SILVER BOW BASIN—THE MONITOR AT PLAY.



A DESERTED CABIN.

for the next sixty years. It was in 1871–2 that the soldiers Doyle and Haley discovered the ledges around Silver Bay, that most beautiful fiord cleaving the high mountains south of Sitka. The fortunes of the Silver Bay mines have waxed and waned, periods of activity succeeding periods of idleness and abandonment; and while the mountains are seamed with rich ore, no one at present seems anxious to take it out. Abandoned mills, wharves, and buildings are going to ruin, trails and wagon roads are overgrown, and actual mining is not being carried on anywhere in the Sitkan district; only development and assessment work and the further prospecting of rich claims continue. Every self-respecting citizen in Sitka has his mine; each one believes there are millions in his ledge; each claim is for sale; every prospect pleases all along the lovely fiord; and if the claim-owners could own the landscapes and echoes as well as the base material quartz, there would be billions in it. Tons of the richest ore have been taken out, engineers and assayers have proved all prophecies as to its existence and qualities, but unfortunate management, limited means, and wars among stockholders have prevented a real success crowning any effort. But all Round Mountain and the Mountain of the Holy Cross and further peaks may yet shake with blasts and mills.

Doyle, the discoverer, is dead, but Nicholas Haley lives, a hale, robust, energetic son of Mars, who beat his gun into a miner's pick, and firing the first blast ever put in an Alaska quartz vein, has never abandoned his claims, nor lost his faith in ribbon rock. Rudyard Kipling should have known him, and Mulvaney and Ortheris too. More diverting than his tales of the service, or of the times when the Sitka Indians "danced and deviled," and threatened to massacre the unprotected community, are his experiences with mining experts, organizers, and floaters of mining enterprises:

"I went down to San Francisco, an' I met this minin' expert, an' he says he knowed it all. He was graduated from that big college in Europe, an' he could fulfil any position. An' he'd been around *all* the mines. But what had he been doing there? He'd been washing the blankets, *he* had. But we took him, an' a dance he led us. Why, I sent down some sacks of ore that rich I could cut the gold out with my knife. An' they assayed it, an' they sent me word that it ran seven dollars an' a half in silver to the ton, with *a trace of gold!*"

Such the trials of the first and most faithful miner; but others than the honest old soldier have been victimized and mystified in mining matters. The mining sharp has no geographical limit; nor has Alaska any monopoly of the class, even in the years before civil law was established, and there was a standing invitation for the dishonest and lawless to flock from every quarter.

Juneau, the eleven-year-old mining town—the metropolis and commercial centre of the Territory—is a picturesque town, with a picturesque history. The stripling has four times the white population of Sitka, and is continually startling the mossy, easy-going capital with some piece of audacity, enterprise, or insolence. It even aspired to have the capital moved from Sitka to Juneau, and once succeeded in having a clause to that effect attached to a Congressional bill. It calls the eminence at the left of the town Capitol Hill, and assures the visitor that there the future Legislature of Alaska will convene, and it sends a so-called Delegate to Washington each year.

From the Taku open, one may see the town in fifteen-mile perspective far up the straight reach of Gastineaux Channel, a blur of houses at the foot of the straight wall of Bald Mountain, which, touched with snow-banks and ribboned with white cascades, forms the splendid background to the scene. The houses climb by numbered avenues from the beach, Ninth Avenue ridging the crest of the hill, behind which Gold Creek roars in its unsuspected cañon. Lincoln, Seward, Gold, Franklin, and Harris streets cross these terrace rows. The town was literally hewn from the wilderness, the pioneers clearing the primeval forest that reached to the water's edge as much to make room for their tents as to secure logs for their first cabins. Many of these first log cabins still dot the town, eloquent of the near past, and charming one with their real picturesqueness and harmony with the wild-wood and mountain background.

Juneau puts its worst foot forward, and its beach or water-front street gives a bad impression. The eighteen feet rise and fall of tide make it a street or a canal, and bridges cross to the buildings on the tide-water lots. Some one who counted found twenty-two saloons for the fifteen hundred inhabitants, and before many of the water-front saloons the ground is covered with playing-cards, the energetic miner usually throwing the whole pack out of the door when luck fails. Seward is the main street. On it face the opera-house, the Post-office, the largest trading stores, the most popular saloons, and the Indians make one corner untidy but picturesque with their daily market. Company A, of the Alaska militia, marches through it in blue and white uniforms, and there is a brass band and a volunteer fire brigade to make its life more interesting. The clang of the fire-bell is more than ordinarily exciting in Juneau, where, with only squatters' rights to the town lots, no insurance companies will take risks on the buildings covering them. With no municipal organization, no taxes, and no license system, Juneau has had no funds for public improvements, and its few sidewalks are all the more credit to their builders.

There was an Indian mission school and church before there were schools or churches for the whites; and the Indian's frame church, with steeple and colored windows, is much smarter, but not nearly as picturesque and appealing as the log-cabin church where the white Presbyterians worship. Mr. and Mrs. Willard and their predecessors have found a world of work at the Juneau mission, and have been gratified with their success among the native people. The Catholics have devoted their care to the souls, bodies, and minds of the whites, and for six years have maintained a church, school, and hospital. The good Father Althoff helped clear the land and erect the buildings, and four Sisters of the Order of St. Ann manage the school and hospital. They have no endowment, no government aid or provision for free beds, but by a system of monthly payments, or hospital insurance, kept up by the employés of the larger mines, the establishment is made self-supporting, and the sisters enjoy the friendly interest and the reverence of even the roughest in that community.

The mines, which are Juneau's reason and excuse for being, lie in the Silver Bow Basin, three miles back in the mountains. One may drive to them now over an easily graded carriage road, instead of climbing up and down the steep and miry trail which the miners and Indian packers used for years. All the way are magnificent views, and the horses tread dizzy shelves and turn acute angles into seeming space, until one longs for the safe old foot trail and a little peace of nerves. The trail, long abandoned, is half overgrown, and fallen trees block it in many places. Only last summer an ancient, who was sentimentally climbing the trail for old time's sake, was startled from his reminiscences by meeting a bear and her cub right on the divide, where another minute would have brought all three in full view and hearing of the town. The ninety-six-pound Indian boy, packing a hundred-and-twenty-five-pound load on his back, has given way to the prosaic freight train, but much local color, wild flavor, and picturesqueness still endure in the region.

No tradition of earlier days, no trace of Russian rule nor relic of Hudson Bay Company's occupancy, nor even Indian legend invested the site of Juneau before the gold-hunters came. While the discoveries around Sitka between 1872 and 1879 brought many prospectors northward from Cassiar, none found any cause to linger in the Taku region. Even Joseph Juneau camped at the mouth of Sheep Creek, two miles below his namesake town, in 1878, and, as it did not look promising, went on to Sitka. In the summer of 1880, Indians reported the existence of gold in the largest creek emptying into the channel between Taku Inlet and Auk Glacier. Mr. N. A. Fuller, a Sitka merchant, "grub staked" Joseph Juneau and Richard Harris, and they beached their canoe at the mouth of Gold Creek on the 1st of October.

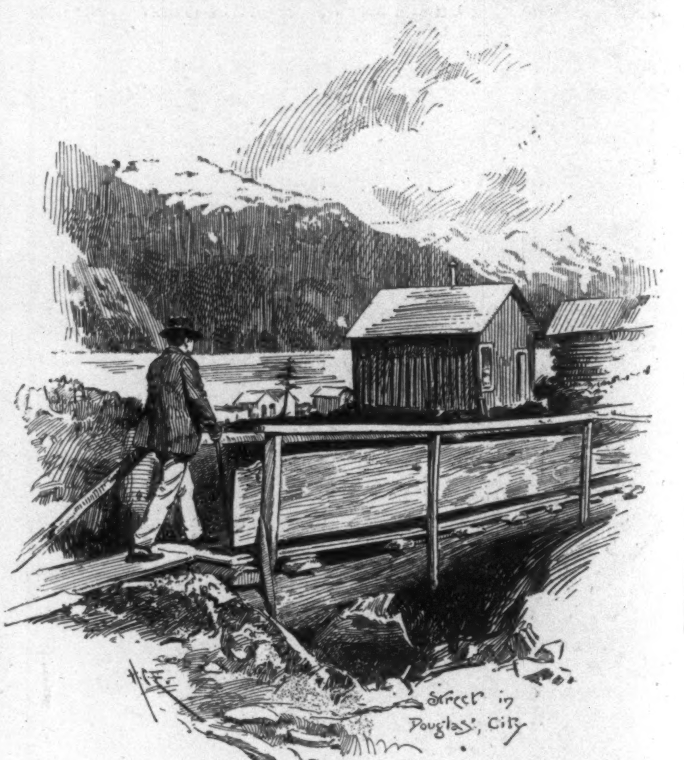
"It was right here," said Joseph Juneau to me one day last summer, standing by the creek-side below the cemetery bridge. "I walk along, and I see a piece of quartz like this," and he knelt to pick up a stone from the bank of the roaring muddy red stream. "It was all pretty clean water then. And I walk along, and I find more and more pieces. In the same day we come to the Basin—all thick trees there too—and we climb the wall, and the first piece of rock I break off shine all full of gold. You know Campbell claim? Well, there, the 'Fuller the First' mine."

Returning to the beach, these two American citizens—although one is a French Canadian and the other Irish by birth—held a meeting. Joseph Juneau was called to the chair, the Harris Mining District of Alaska was organized, and Richard Harris elected Recorder by acclamation. Only the wondering Indian canoe-man, the everlasting hills, the trees, and the clear torrent were witnesses to this serious affair. Harris's original entry in the book of records stands unique, the Magna Charta of this mining kingdom, and its reading was always called for at miners' meetings in early days, and always followed with applause.

Juneau and Harris may both be met any day in the town they have seen spring from the wilderness. With all the wealth they uncovered, Juneau still leads a prospector's life of hope and hardship, and Harris is watchman at an abandoned mine across the channel. The latter, however, was the shrewder and keener man of business, and has really a home and something for his latter days. More picturesque and interesting, though, is the roving, happy-go lucky spendthrift Jo Juneau, a wiry, well-built man of medium height, with a singularly fine and expressive face, iron-gray hair and mustache. His French blood gives him his ease, his animation and grace of manner, and he tells of this and other prospecting tours most dramatically. "Next week I go two hundred miles down the coast prospecting. I know a very good place;" and the vision of wealth dances before him again; as it has ever since he left Montreal, and beginning to prospect at Downieville in 1852, panned his way to Idaho and Montana, to Caribou and Cassiar. "The Juneau statue in Milwaukee is my uncle," he says. And perhaps another century will see another Juneau statue, in image of the nephew who helped open a still further Northwest.

When the two prospectors returned to Sitka with their sacks of ore and bottles of dust, there was great excitement and a stampede of hibernating miners. The Auk Indians moved down from their village, twelve miles above, and the Taku Indians came from theirs, ten miles below, and canoe-loads of white miners kept adding themselves to the company. All the renegades and adventurers came, for in Alaska there was no law. Juneau was a live camp all of those first years, and claim-jumping went like a game of leap-frog. When it became too lively a camp, there arose the vigilantes, and the better citizens took things in hand, disciplining the riotous with a month or two of bread and water, confiscating the stock of traders who sold liquor to Indians, and clearing the camp of several terrors who had fled from other camps. The records of the vigilantes were recently found in an unused desk in Juneau, and in this brief, dry, businesslike note-book I read an epitome of all the wild life of the young mining camp—of how Boxer was hanged on the open beach, and how Cut-nosed Jim shot the guard, and then shot himself; and there were a dozen of Bret Harte's tales in the rough in this hasty diary of a now famous mine-owner.

Those early settlers of Juneau had a genius in naming places, and no deceased foreigner, far-away official, benevolent relative, or accommodating creditor enjoys geographic immortality. Everything explains itself. Bald Mountain is bald; Gold Creek, Quartz Gulch, Specimen Gulch, and Granite Cañon are eloquent, and Snow-slide Gulch speaks for itself in its long snow-bank the year round, and roars mightily in winter and spring with the avalanches from the higher summits. In Dix Basin, Dix and his boys cleaned up thousands before they left that green hollow a desolate bowl of bare rock and bowlders. Silver Bow Basin suggested its name by its resemblance to valleys in the Silver Bow County of Montana, and high on its wall hangs the Silver Quiver—a vast cataract of foam, not unlike an arrow-case. Granite, Salmon, Fish, Sheep, and Goat creeks were aptly christened, and only Charlotte Basin speaks for some absent wife or sweetheart. In Charlotte Basin the pure gold glows



on every bank in such beds of yellow violets as amaze one, even after the miles of bluebell and columbine decked roadside, and the dense thickets of tropical-looking devil's-club.

After Juneau had endured four years of uncertain and discouraging existence, Alaska was declared a sort of a Territory—something between a colony, a province, and a satrapy. It had a Governor, a judge, an attorney, marshal, and clerk, and three commissioners. It was not a land district, but it had mineral laws. It was still an Indian reservation, without an agent, and a political division of the United States, without Delegate or voice at Washington; but despite it all, Juneau had a boom.

It cannot be known exactly how much placer gold has been taken from the bed of Gold Creek and the basins, and the half-million estimated for the first three years is certainly too little. Property was too insecure then for any one to boast of his claim, express charges were high, and the wisest and luckiest miners hoarded their findings until the end of each season, and carried them below themselves. Many of those men made small fortunes that they have held and multiplied. One such genius, who still stays by the old camp, carried a ninety-six-pound lump of gold out of the Basin one fall, and each year he buried his treasure, not confiding in banks, safes, or human beings. "Trust no man with your gold," he says still, and the time when he did trust some one else to take his bar to the mint to be coined furnished a case in court full of laughable testimony, but no redress.

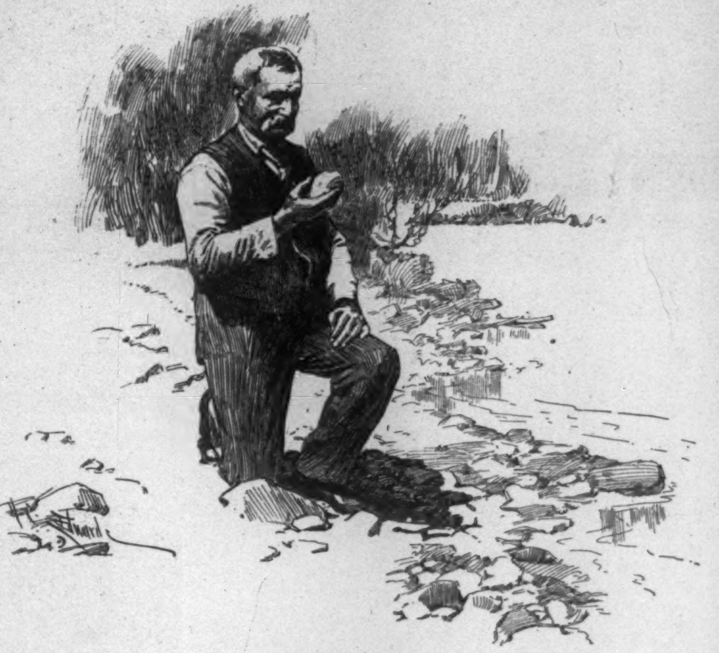
When the Basin placers were exhausted, washed to bed-rock or to the lowest level from which they could carry the water away, the independent miners deserted their cabins and moved on. Many old placers were relocated as quartz claims, and this, with the original legacies of litigation, gives the lawyers best knowledge of the bullion product of the Basin. Only last summer such a case came before the court, and puzzled the wisdom of the twelve impanelled Solomons. The jury decided that the claim had not been properly staked in the beginning, and that no one owned it. The court-room was emptied in a second, and there was a stampede to stake the claim. Over the old trail, up the wagon road, up Snowslide Gulch, and down by the short-cut, on horse, foot, and wheel, the treasure-seekers sped. But they had all counted without the telephone, which helloed to the man who was guarding what he believed to be his own. He was holding down his stakes and pleased to see them all when the claim-jumpers began climbing up and dropping down over the rocks to him, and a considerable company of winded racers sat down and talked over old times, when the camp was a rustler, and claim-jumping daily exercise.

But the Montana boys, the Tombstone boys, the whole Caribou and Cassiar crowd, are scattered and gone. The independent miner, with his pick and pan, seeks the Yukon, Lituya Bay, or further to westward, and some fifty placer claims, quite the whole level floor of the Basin, have been acquired by a Boston company. This Silver Bow Basin Mining Company has driven a tunnel over three thousand feet in length from the lower valley, and made an upraise into the Basin floor. A flume, running far up in Granite Cañon, feeds two hydraulic giants, and the hard, solid white columns of water are rapidly tearing out and devouring the heart of the Silver Bow. In one season a frightful chasm was opened in the level floor, and deep in this pit, filled with spray and rainbows, flocks of canary-coated men waded in hip boots, and with long rakes kept the beds of muddy torrents cleared. Files of red-shirted and blue-overalled men moved in antlike files, trundling barrows of stones to be piled in heaps like masonry, and these touches of color alone redeemed the desolation of bed-rock. There are no Alaska farmers to protest against the débris and slickens, and driven to such remote corners, the old hydraulic miners fairly gloat over the destructive play of the giants.

A signal to the men in the pit, and every one starts at a run, the greenest tenderfoot scrambling over bowlders and through the bushes to the shaft-house after them. Then the echoing Basin walls seem rent by the cannonade of blasts, and a hail of dirt and fragments rattles on the roof, and the superintendent twists his massive watch chain and says, "Only some more of them —— bowlders that was in the way." Ninety feet in the tunnel below, the muddy water from the pit races away through blackness to the sunlight of the lower valley, dropping its golden particles in the floor of the boxes as it goes. After less than a first month's work, the superintendent cleaned up a few feet of his boxes, and twirling a little kettle of amalgam as if it were a feather, bade one lift the weight of nine thousand gold dollars. There was jubilee in town when the news spread, and the success of this latest mining venture has given great courage and impetus to other concerns. After two dull years, the small significant cloud of a coming boom hangs over Juneau.

At the upper end of the Basin the mill of the Eastern Alaska Company crunches rich ore that slides down to it from the mountain-top in buckets working automatically on a wire tramway. The spidery wire and the black beads of buckets can only be seen against a background of snow, and miners tobogganing down on their shovels are lesser specks, so far away and aloft. The famous Fuller the First mine, Archie Campbell's claim, where Jo Juneau broke off his first quartz specimen, is disclosing more wealth yearly, and a small mill devours ten tons of ore daily. In the intimate association of this small community, the largest properties are seldom called by their chartered names. Nowells is the equivalent for the Silver Bow Basin Company's works, and Sanders describes the Eastern Alaska. Half-way between the Basin and town, "Coulter's" describes the Taku Union mill and that group of mines, which feed it rich ore by wire tramways running from drifts high on the cañon's sheer walls. The little Webster mill dates from early days, and its stamps are pounding ore shot down a timbered shoot from the opposite cañon wall. Below these mills lies another rich gravel basin—the Last Chance—which is to be worked in the same way as the Silver Bow Basin, and by another year monitors will be washing out its hidden dust and nuggets into a long tunnel.

Opposite Juneau, on the Douglas Island shore, is Douglas City, with its four hundred inhabitants, and further down is the Treadwell mine, the most famous one in the Territory. Discovered by miners who came too late to get chances on the Juneau side, and taken as security for a loan of one hundred and fifty dollars, the original Bean and Matthews claim fell to the unwilling hands of John Treadwell, a San Francisco builder, who had built the city houses of several California mining kings. French Pete, or M. Pierre Joseph Ernsara, had a claim across the tiny creek that cut the ore deposit, and Mr. Treadwell bought it for three hundred dollars. Messrs. Fry, Freeborn, and Hill, of San Francisco, and Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, became equal partners with Mr. Treadwell, and as soon as civil government gave them a title, work began in earnest. The sum of $800,000 has been spent upon the works, $100,000 going to build a ditch eighteen miles long, and $300,000 in experimenting with different processes of chlorination before a satisfactory one was found. A mill of two hundred and forty stamps grinds six hundred tons of ore daily. The mine is a deposit of soft low-grade ore, four hundred feet between its foot and hanging wall, two thousand feet in length, and of unknown depth. Averaging from three to seven dollars a ton in value, it can be milled for a dollar and a quarter a ton. Quarried in open pits, it drops through ore shoots to cars in the tunnel, and gravity carries it through every process. Two vast pits yawn in the hill-side, which is covered with buildings and tracks; cannonades of blasts rend the air; the roar of machinery never stops; electric lights make continuous day; and out of it has come $3,109,164 77 in gold bars. Much more should be credited to the mine, because by the earlier chlorination processes much gold was lost, and thousands went up the chimney and trailed away in the long streamer of heavy, sulphurous smoke that has killed the trees for miles around.



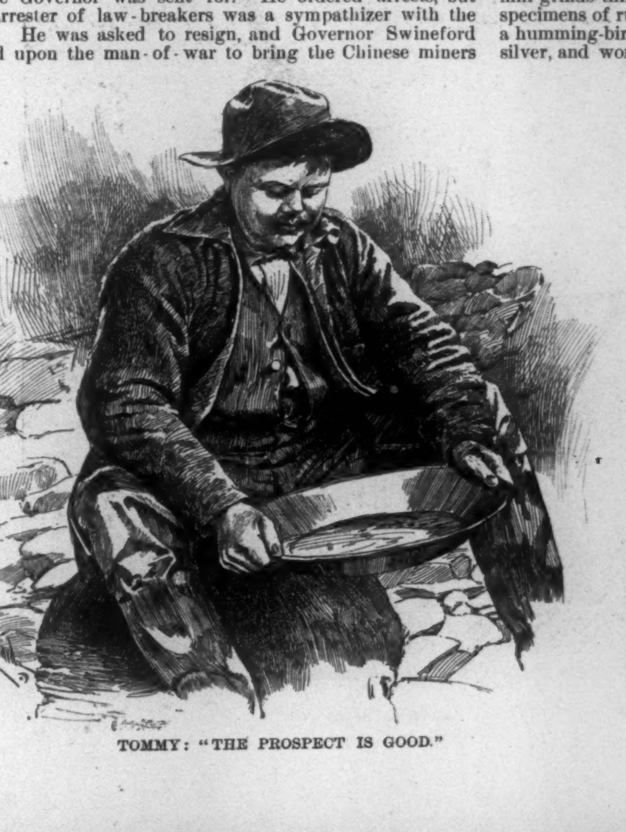
JOSEPH JUNEAU.
The Discoverer of the Gold Creek and Basin Mines.

More extraordinary than its size, scale, and success is the way the owners of this mine attend to their own affair of grinding quartz, and the largest corporation in the Territory refrains from controlling or taking part in Territorial affairs. Non-partisan, it asks to be let alone, remembering the anti-Chinese riots of 1886, when the Juneau mob blew up Chinese cabins with dynamite, and then visited the Treadwell, where eighty Chinese miners were employed.

"Do you want work?" asked Mr. Treadwell. "Do you think these Chinamen are taking work from you? I will employ you, or pay you for all the logs you bring to the saw-mill."

"The Chinese must go," answered the mob, and the Chinamen were roughly driven on board two little schooners, and set adrift.

The Governor was sent for. He ordered arrests, but the arrester of law-breakers was a sympathizer with the mob. He was asked to resign, and Governor Swineford called upon the man-of-war to bring the Chinese miners back, and protect the Treadwell with its guns. Naval aid was withheld, the mob ruled, and no redress, no indemnity, was ever made the deported miners by our government. With the grace of a Christian nation, the United States upbraids the Chinese government for not punishing its lesser officials for failing to arrest and punish ringleaders of Chinese mobs, and sends gunboats to China to see that American lives and property are safe along the Yang-tse River.



TOMMY: "THE PROSPECT IS GOOD."

Between the Treadwell and the once boomed but now slumbering Douglas City is the Bear's Nest mine of such unhappy history. A huge unpainted mill that most resembles an exaggerated country meeting-house stands closed and silent, and a tunnel vast enough for a railway train opens blackly from the beach. Adjoining the Treadwell, it was believed to be a continuation of the same inexhaustible deposit, and it was the most coveted claim on the island. Expert engineers pronounced enthusiastically upon it, and the English company paid nearly three-fourths of their $1,125,000 in cash, the largest single mining deal ever made. Before the mill was finished, the stockholders were at war. The German investors sent experts, who declared the very opposite of the English experts. Work was stopped, fixtures and machinery sold. It is all a mystery, despite a score of equally absurd, romantic, and minutely detailed accounts of how it happened. One may listen to all these fairy tales of the Bear's Nest and wait. When stockholders war, an outsider may distrust every rumor, and there are many who wager that the mill will be thundering with its sixscore stamps within a few years. The alien land and contract labor laws threw many difficulties and annoyances in the way of the foreign stockholders, but despite that, and undismayed by their Bear's Nest experiences, the same German investors have prospected farther, and spent many thousands in the purchase and development of other Alaska mines, managing their affairs through American citizens acting as trustees for them.

A few miles above the Bear's Nest there is another closed and silent mill, thousands of Boston dollars having gone into the Alaska Union before it was decided that the mine would not pay for working.

No geological survey nor any systematic exploration of the region by government scientists has ever been attempted, so that only expert opinions upon single claims have been given. The most experienced mining superintendents confess themselves puzzled in a country geologically unlike any other ever mined in. "The country rock, the general formation, is slate, which with granite holds the quartz veins. But the veins are broken, confused, and thrown in every way. And think of a mining country where there are no walls to veins!" said one such. Dr. George Dawson, of the Dominion Geological Survey of Canada, visited the Treadwell for his own geological satisfaction. "It presents none of the characters of an ordinary lode or vein," he wrote in the *American Geologist*, "being without any parallel or arrangement of its constituents, and showing no such coarse, crystalline structure as a lode of larger dimensions might be expected to exhibit." The humble prospector says the great mine is a mere pocket, a bulge, or a blow-out on the side of the mountain, and that all the little stringers and delusive outcroppings are mere roots of the great trunk, the fingers of the hand of which the Treadwell is the palm. "There ain't no true fissure veins in this country," nine out of ten miners will tell you.

"God has made this country in his wrath and in his vengeance," said one pessimist engineer. "He had plenty of snow and rocks, but no gold—no gold." Yet dust and nuggets, bars and concentrates, go below by every steamer, and all up and down the shores are promising camps.

Sheep Creek leaps to the channel two miles below Juneau, and its cañon is the most precipitous and picturesque of all in the neighborhood. A wagon road follows dizzy ledges of rock or rests on mighty pegs, for which holes were drilled in the face of perpendicular walls. The view ranges out from these shelves over giant spruce and cedar tops to the channel, or down, down the narrow, mossy abyss to cascades and pools of foam overarched with spray and rainbows. But at the top of the two miles of roadway is a round rock-walled basin, a high mountain meadow carpeted with acres of bluebells, violets, buttercups, and lilies, and set with groves of spruce and clumps of alder. A glacier shows greenly in one vast snow-field, and cascades vein the sides of the precipitous walls. A mere marmot hole high on the northern wall is the tunnel of the Silver Queen mine, and the rich rock thunders down a wooden ore shoot to the basin's level.

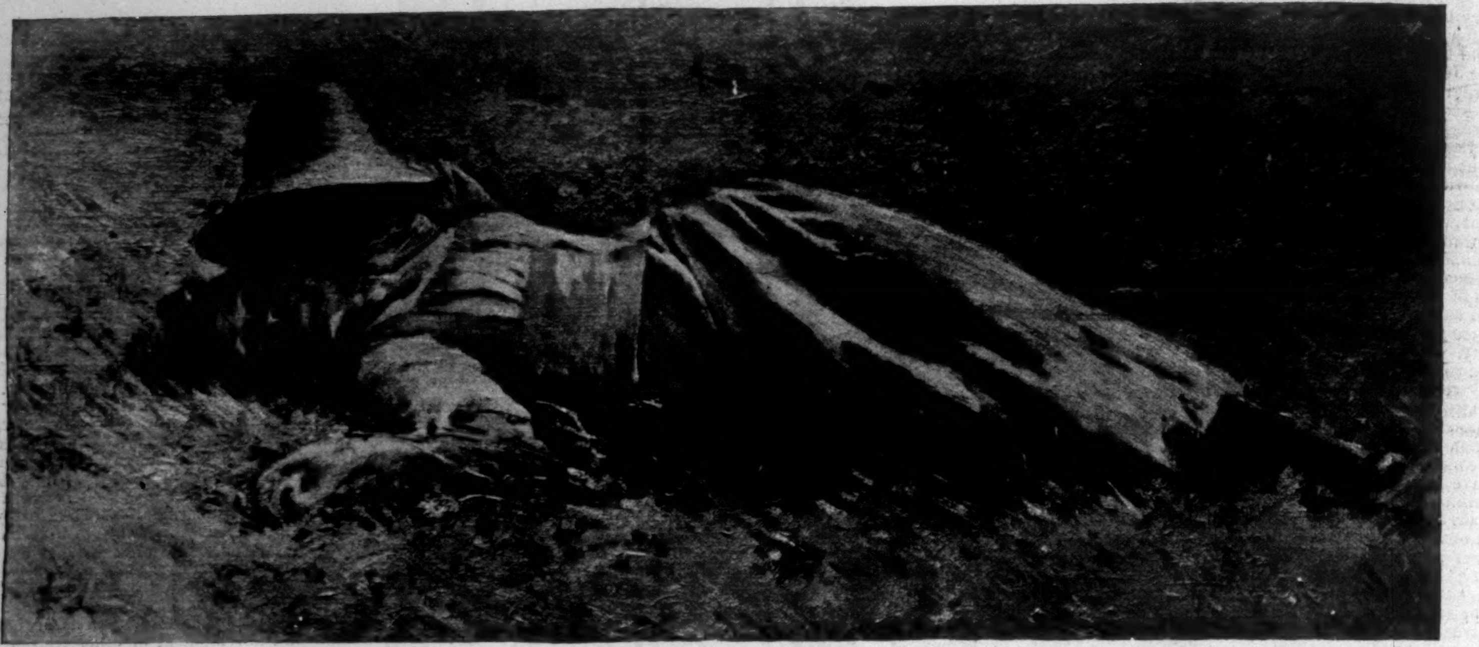
At the narrow entrance or lip of the basin the creek dashes through an ingenious mill before it begins its leap down the cañon. This pioneer silver mine is the pride of the region. The ore averages forty dollars to the ton, and the ten-stamp mill grinds thirty tons every twenty-four hours. Beautiful specimens of ruby silver, as richly red and rainbow tinted as a humming-bird's throat, that average seventy-five per cent. silver, and wonderful specimens of native silver and wire silver, come from that same black bore in the basin wall. The owners of the undeveloped Sheridan, Mamie, Ascension, Golconda, and Glacier mines claim just as rich ore, believe in free coinage, of course, and know that this one basin will soon make a branch mint or assay office and a large smeltery necessary.

On Lemon and Montana creeks, above Juneau, gravel-beds are held by companies who propose working them on a large scale another season. In every direction are mines and rumors of mines of greater richness than any now worked. Like the old-fashioned pumps that had to be started with a dipperful of water, they only need to have coin poured in without stint to insure an endless outflow of gold bars. Every one carries a specimen in his pocket, and even the small boy goes prospecting, and wears a gold wire ring.

There are staked claims, miners' notices, and burrowings in gravel and rock all along shore south of Juneau. A vein of silver crops out on Grindstone Creek, in Taku Inlet, and veins of gold in Port Snettisham. Rich quartz has been found near the old placer grounds in Sum Dum Bay, where four tide-water glaciers pour their grist into the sea, and a small quartz-mill will soon begin its feeble grinding beside one of these primeval mills of the gods.

The first placer mining in Alaska was done at Shucks, on the mainland shore, seventy miles below Juneau. In 1876 there was a camp of thirty miners at the end of the long arm reaching in from Stephens Pas-

(*Continued on page* 471.)

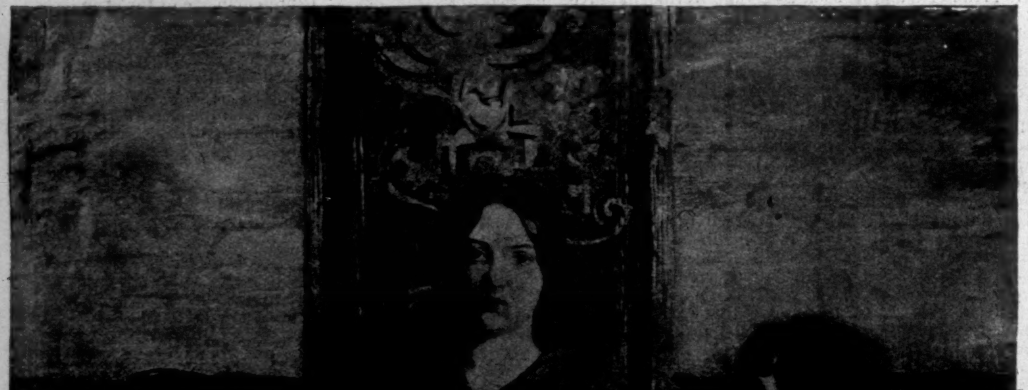


"IN THE SUN."—BY THEODORE ROBINSON.

THE FOURTEENTH EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

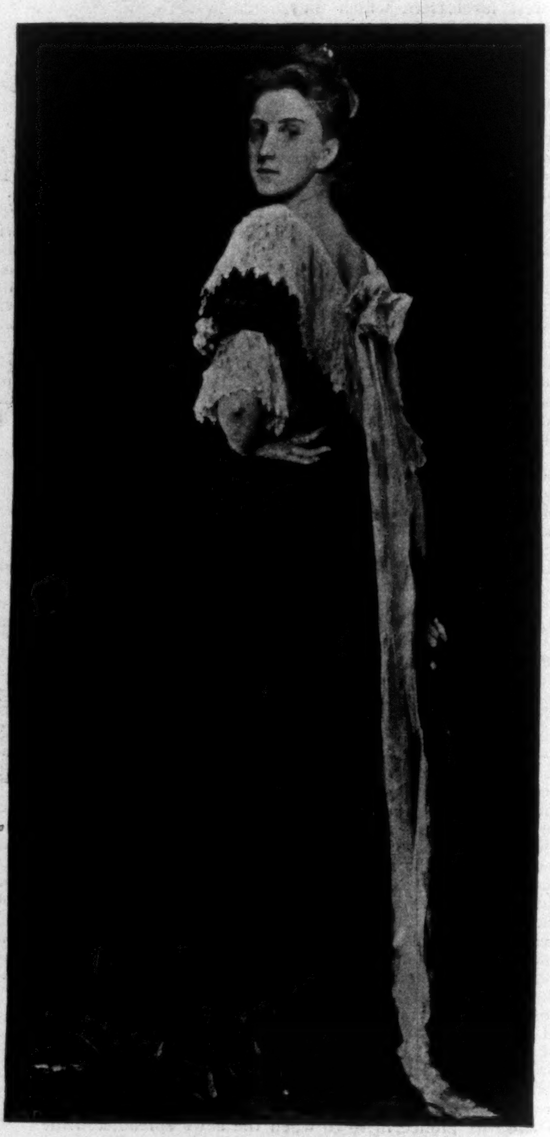
THERE are two hundred and forty-four works of art in this collection. Almost every one deserves a special word of praise, and despite this high average, a large number are conspicuously fine. Of course, then, I cannot here describe it in detail. But it is even more interesting when considered as a whole than when considered picture by picture. It really represents the present condition of American art, and it shows that we may be amply content with this condition.

It shows, in the first place, that our art has outlived that tentative, formative stage when methods were naturally its chief concern—when the manner of his speech seemed more important to the artist than what he had to say; it shows that we have gone from the days of promise to the days of ripe achievement; and it shows that we have passed the period when, although an American school of landscape-painting existed, there was only a prophecy of an American school of figure-painting. Figure pictures are at least as numerous this year as landscapes; taken together, they are at least as good; and among them we find the most remarkable works of all. The arts of composition and expression, as well as the arts of drawing and painting, have been thoroughly acquired, and with this mastery of the forms of pictorial speech the individuality of our painters makes itself clearly felt. In portraiture the society's exhibitions have always been strong. But, while there is increase of strength even here, our *genre*-painting, our painting of the nude, and our idealistic, imaginative painting are no longer inefficient in comparison. They are now as capable as national, and as individual as our portrait or our landscape painting.



Copyright, 1892, by J. M. Sears.

"MADONNA ENTHRONED."—BY ABBOTT H. THAYER.



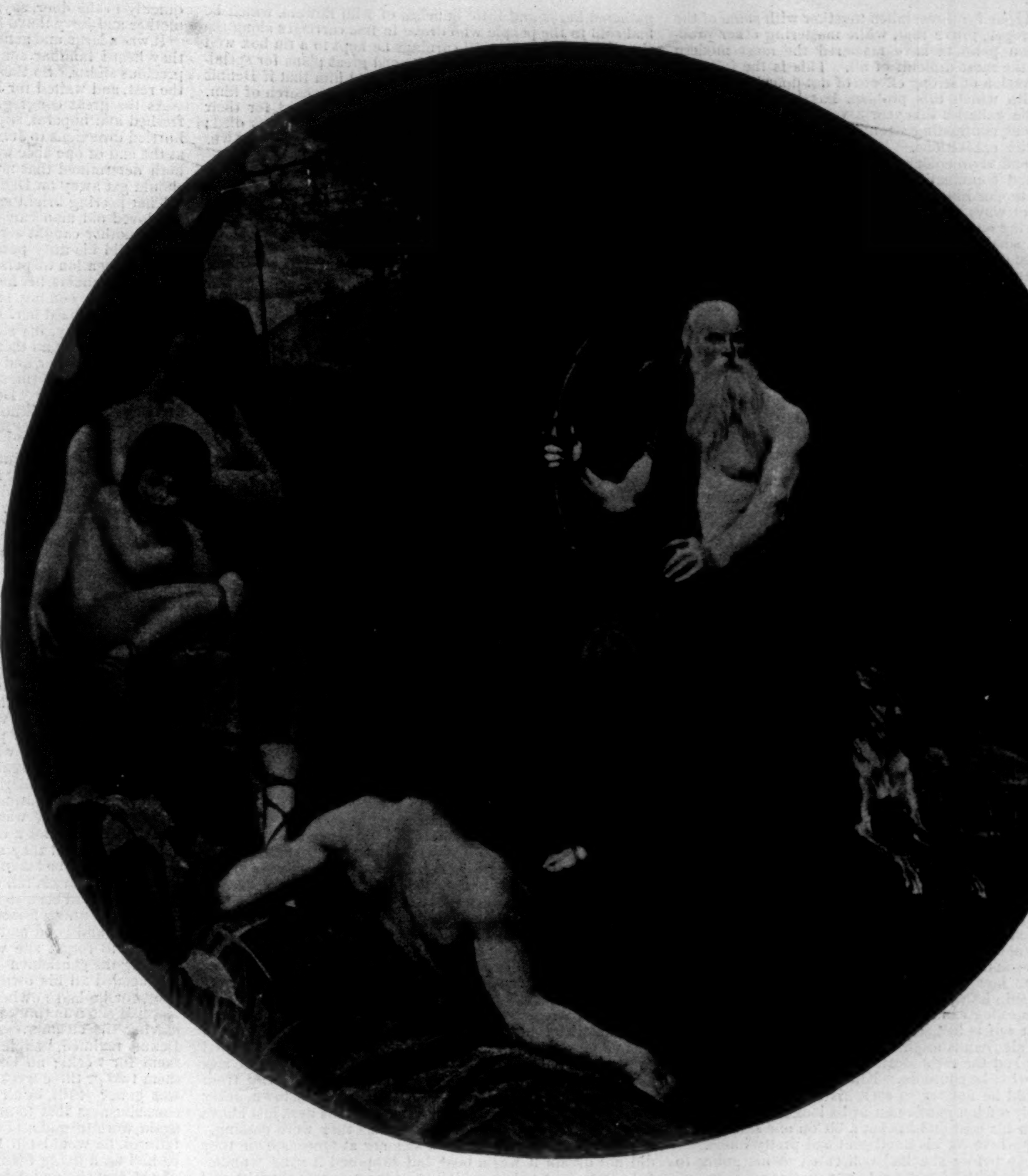
PORTRAIT.—BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

Of course the idealistic work has either a classical or a religious flavor. But it shows neither imitation of by-gone schools nor slavery to modern academic formulas. Mr. Thayer's "Madonna Enthroned," for instance, is conceived with the simplicity, dignity, serenity, and nobility of old Italian art, and has much of the old Italian richness of color. But we can pick out no old master, no historic school, and say that this picture is a posthumous child thereof. Its mood is the traditional mood of high religious art. But in conception and in execution—in its types, its color, and its treatment—it is distinctly modern and distinctly personal. This remarkable and beautiful picture would alone suffice to prove that American art is now capable of dealing, spiritually as well as technically, in its own way, and in a very fine way, with the noblest artistic tasks.

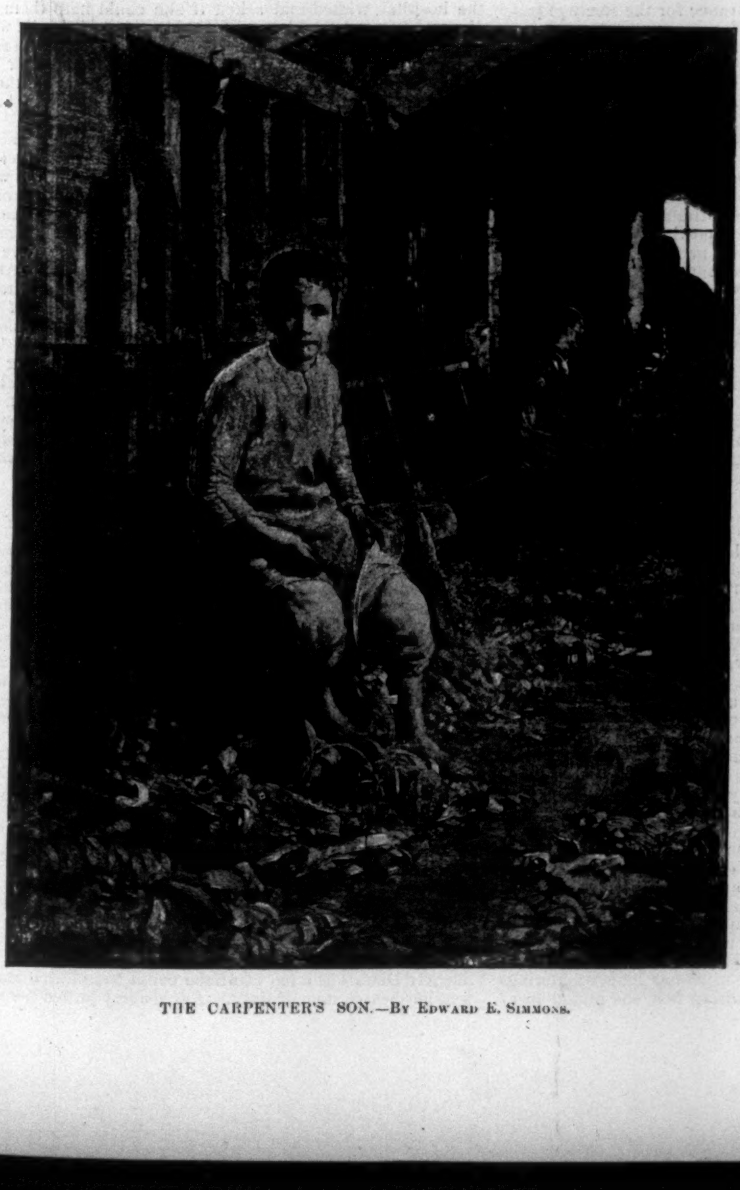
In Mr. Du Mond's "Christ Child," where the slender youth is saying grace, while his parents bow their heads over the evening meal, we have a more realistic presentation of a sacred subject. But it is still a poetical treatment, for the heads are ideal in type, and are encircled by the traditional halo. But we find the simplest, directest realism in Mr. Simmons's "Carpenter's Son," where the fact that the child is the Christ Child again is suggested merely by his expression and the beam of sunlight which just touches his head. Here the execution is strong and able, and, if a little prosaic, very well suited to the character of the underlying idea. In Mr. Du Mond's picture it is more refined and delicate, but thoroughly accomplished; and if it is a trifle academic, that is not to be regretted, for Mr. Du Mond is just home from Parisian schools, and the student's business is first of all to learn how to paint well, not to try to paint individually. Mr. Du Mond's personality speaks clearly enough in the conception of his picture and its true and tender feeling.

These are but the most conspicuous pictures in their class. Among the nudes I would praise chiefly Mr. Cox's admirably painted and individually imagined "Echo," and among the *genre* pictures Mr. Brush's strong and capable "Ossian," and, much more remarkable than this, his exquisite little group called "A Portrait," which in every possible way is as perfect as a picture of its kind can be. And among the portraits, in addition to Mr. Sargent's admirable picture of Mr. St. Gaudens's young son with his mother reading aloud to him, are a number of works as individual as they are excellent, by Mr. Chase, Mr. Isham, Mr. Collins, Mr. Thorne, Mr. Beckwith, and Mr. Tarbell.

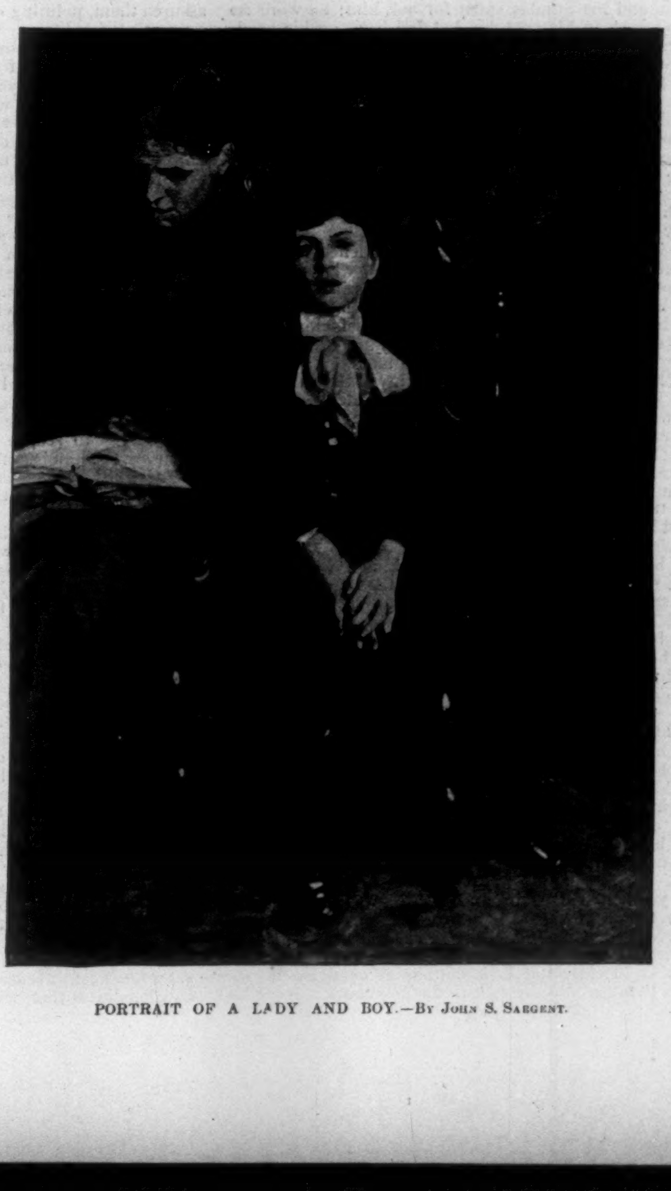
But still more interesting are those combinations of figure and landscape of which Mr. Robinson's "In the Sun" may



"OSSIAN, THE BARD."—By George de Forest Brush.



THE CARPENTER'S SON.—By Edward E. Simmons.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY AND BOY.—By John S. Sargent.

stand as the type; for these, taken together with some of the landscapes proper, prove that, while mastering other problems, American painters have mastered the most modern and perhaps the most difficult of all. This is the full and truthful expression of strong effects of out-door light. The frequency with which this problem has been attacked is what gives the galleries this year a very bright, gay, fresh, inspiring aspect, contrasting strongly with the aspect of the society's earlier exhibitions. No difficulties of strong or subtile light and vivid color now daunt our young painters, no complicated combinations of figures and foliage in a brilliant or a tender illumination. And they win success in many different ways. Those methods of decomposing colors, of rendering one tint to the eye by the association upon the canvas of small touches of many tints, which are called impressionistic methods, have found so many adherents that we may say an American impressionistic school now exists. But while we can greatly admire such results as Mr. Robinson's, there are others where out-door facts have been as admirably painted in a different fashion. It is evident that the society itself recognizes this, for although it awarded the Shaw prize to Mr. Robinson's "In the Sun," it gave the Webb prize to a landscape by Mr. Donoho, in which no trace of impressionistic influence shows.

Thus this exhibition proves we are keeping up with the best schools of Europe in technical directions; yet, far from losing our individuality, we are growing more and more American as our powers of self-expression enlarge. And there is no longer any branch of painting in which American painters lag behind their fellows in other branches.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

MOTHER O'ROURKE.

BY LUCY DERBY.

All the summer night and still into the morning Mother O'Rourke and Dennis sat on the door-stone of their little cottage close to the gently flowing river—the beautiful Shannon. Within the hut there was no sound but the regular breathing of their grandson, Jerry, and the occasional rattle as of castanets as Tim, the goat, changed his position, and his four hard legs struck the ground as he turned about. The rose-bush by the door had been planted by Dennis the evening he was married, and now its multitude of blossoms had soothed them with soft fragrance through this troubled night.

There was more sentiment than ability for persistent work in Dennis's character, and Nancy always felt he was safer by her side, but here he was again telling her of great plans and prospects and hopes for the future, and again she heard him say, "I will make a little queen of ye, for sure you're as sweet and fresh, my darlin', as my rose of Shannon by the river there"; and so she was, although her roses were a little faded and the ruffles of her white cap were very limp. All night the low murmuring of their voices had mingled with the lap and flow of the river, shy rabbits had stolen out to listen, and the dew had fallen gently upon them all, but Nancy knew only of the trouble in her heart and of Dennis's love; and her round Irish face had tried to smile as he told her how rich he should grow in America, and what a great ship he would send back for her and Jerry.

With the morning came new courage and hope, and that love in which self is lost seized upon Nancy's heart, and a great faith in all Dennis might be asserted itself. Her Dennis had never had the right start; he was growing old without showing what he could do. Killaloe was a small place, and why should he not try to seek his fortune in a larger world? Surely such a gentleman as he looked on Sundays, with a posy in his coat and his hat a bit on one side, would be trusted anywhere for his intelligent and pretty looks.

A few weeks before she had consented to his going to Cork to offer his faithful services to any master ready to employ a man whose willingness was his only capital.

Lacking the inspiration of Nancy's presence, he was never at his best, and his Sunday spirit forsook him; he wore no bit of shamrock in his coat, his hat fell back on his head, and he wandered hopeless and alone through the city streets asking for work, but finding none. After days of discouragement he found some solace in listening to some of the speeches of men whose names had become dear to him as friends of Ireland. He followed the crowds into the halls determined to know where the ship of state was sailing. Enthusiasm is more contagious than a fever, and as he listened he felt himself no longer alone, no longer seeking work in Cork, no longer discouraged, but one of a party, and with a strong and hopeful cause for which these men said they were ready to throw down their lives. The Irish speaker is always eloquent, the Irish audience is always quick and alert with sympathy, and lavish with applause; it was not long before Dennis was shouting with the others. And in the midst of one of these meetings he made a mighty resolve: he had made them before, but no satisfactory results had come, no triumphs to rejoice Nancy's heart. Among the many Irish speeches, one had been made by an American. With glowing words he had portrayed the freedom of his own land, and bade them trust God's aid in all honest and noble effort for their fellow-men. As the picture was rapidly made of what America had achieved in a century of freedom, and what they might hope some time to see in their fair Erin, the whole audience rose to its feet, and for five long minutes cheered and shouted, and drowned all efforts to quiet them. Dennis thought a century hence was all very well, but in the mean time he would just like to go to America for his own sake.

Back he came to Killaloe from Cork, and with Nancy's consent, reluctantly given, he proceeded to comfort and cheer her with wonderful hopes for the future and with vows of his undying love. Jerry should become a great man, and she should be a lady, with a farm and cows and pigs, and with Tim too. The night by the river came to an end, and the life and light and sound of a new day had come, and Nancy was ready to do her part. Dennis was impatient of any delay; he must be off at once; and so she packed his bundle and cooked his breakfast and walked with him the half-mile to Killaloe, and then came the parting. It must not be hard for Dennis. She would help him now, not hinder him, so tying the black ribbon strings of her cap very tight, before giving a long parting hug, she turned quickly about, and without one look after him, walked quickly home, and sat on the door-stone again and watched the flowing river.

Two years had gone by and a third was drawing to a close, and no word had come from Dennis, and no news of the great ship for which Jerry had night and morning gazed anxiously up and down the river. All this time they were ready to close the little cottage at once, leaving the patch of potatoes and the goat to the neighbors. Jerry had gathered herbs and little bunches of wild flowers, which he had sold to the people who drove in fine carriages along the river-bank. These small earnings he kept in a tin box well hidden in the ground, and he formed great plans for spending them in America. Nancy often told him that if Dennis did not send for them soon, she should start in search of him, and then every cent they had saved must be used for their travels. Where *was* Dennis? She knew he had not died; that she would have felt by some subtle sense of her own. But was he ill? Was he suffering? She *must* know.

It was true he could not write, but if any good luck had come to him he would have let her share it, and in the absence of good news she gradually became certain of some sort of misfortune having overtaken her "old man."

The rose-bush was blossoming again for the third summer since Dennis left them. Again the little Irish woman had passed the night sitting on the stone outside the door. There had been no murmuring of voices this time, the river had had it all its own way with its gentle sounds. Again a bright morning succeeded a fragrant night. The sun had robbed the thistles of their crowns of dew, and still Nancy O'Rourke sat in a sort of trance gazing at the river, and with her hands clasped about her knees as she swayed back and forth.

Suddenly she relaxed the locked fingers, rose slowly to her feet, and exclaimed: "Yis, darlin'. Yis, Dennis darlin', I'm a-coming to ye;" and with determination in each muscle she stepped briskly within the door, and going directly to Jerry, she shook him hard, saying, "Wake up, laddy; we are going to America—to America."

Jerry's eyes opened with a quick flash of joy as he sprang to his feet, and dashing through the door, was in a moment at the river's edge, looking up and down for the steamer.

No great ship had come, but something stronger to do battle with adverse seas—Nancy's self-reliance had been born. The stout little figure was soon bustling about setting her house in order—brushing and scrubbing and sanding the little place, washing and pressing her clothing and Jerry's, and folding them neatly into two compact bundles, to be tied up in large squares of plaid cotton, and hung on the end of Jerry's stick. Two fresh caps had to be made and starched—the old ones would never do to meet Dennis.

Two days were passed in preparation; and when all was done, and Jerry had hugged Tim a dozen times, and Mother O'Rourke had kissed the neighbors good-by, they started forth for the town of Limerick with brave and determined spirits. Nancy clasped her spinning-wheel in her plump arms, and Jerry, looking very manly for thirteen, carried the two heavy bundles of clothing, hung on the end of a crooked stick, which rested upon his shoulder, whistling as he trudged along.

It was a long walk to Limerick, and when there, money had to be earned by hard work and unsparing endeavor before they could set forth to find Dennis. Over a year of toil followed, and as the summer was drawing to a close, Jerry's tin box had grown heavy with shillings and Nancy had saved enough for the voyage, and they determined to delay no longer. At last there was enough to carry them to Boston, where Jerry's bit of spelling would help them to get along and to find the old man.

Their amazement and delight in the railway carriage which took them to Queenstown was some compensation to the other passengers, who had not especially welcomed this odd pair with their big bundles. They were timid travellers; all was new and untried, and the swift ride at first alarmed and bewildered them; but soon Mother O'Rourke's face was pressed hard against the window, and all the way from Limerick to Cork, and from Cork on to Queenstown, Jerry knelt by her side in close sympathy, with his eyes just above the sash, striving to see all the wonders they were passing.

When they found the great steamer at Queenstown, they did not dream it was a boat, but supposed it some wonderful fortress or palace which they must not approach; and they were turning away, fearing they had been misdirected, when one of the officers chanced to see their distress and reassured them, pointing out the entrance for the steerage passengers.

The voyage was more wonderful than the journey, and Jerry longed to live forever on a ship and grow to be a sailor, if only for the yarns he might spin. They were very good to him, for he made himself useful, and so gained favor and privileges which made him very proud. But Nancy rejoiced with each day that passed that the great ship was bringing her nearer and nearer to Dennis. And so we find them one Sunday morning, late in August, stepping on land, and that land "America—with Dennis near," as Nancy had said, as she first saw the dim outline.

Where they were to go first, or what they were to do, had not occurred to them. They had arrived, and now they would surely find Dennis before night somewhere. The church bells were ringing, and it was a warm sunny summer morning, and the streets were filled with the usual Sunday groups of well-clad church-going people. Many paused to look at these newly landed travellers. Nancy, with a frame of fresh white ruffles around her kindly old face, and clasping her spinning-wheel in her arms, had an eager, scrutinizing expression as she gazed into every face, while Jerry, at her side, had the same expectancy in his face. It is no unusual sight to see, in the neighborhood of these steamer wharves, the immigrants carrying all their worldly goods on their own shoulders, but in the case of these two there was a purpose written on their faces which could not be passed unnoticed.

The bells sounded their call to church, and instantly they followed the sound, with their hearts beating strong with hope. In Killaloe, Dennis had always walked with them to church, and that was Nancy's proud day, and now she felt very sure she should find him on the church steps with a posy in his coat, as she so loved to see it. Where else should he be on Sunday morning? To church he had always gone, and he could not be too busy now, although she knew America was a swift place. There it stood, with the gold cross shining in the sun, and she felt a sense of safety as she approached the building, where she hoped to find a quick reward for all her courage and hard work. Just within the iron fence, at the foot of the broad stone steps, they carefully deposited the bundles and the spinning-wheel, and then, feeling tired, and finding that they were early, they ascended the steps and seated themselves just in the middle of the top broad landing, and waited.

Nancy rested her elbows on her knees and her chin upon her hands, and keenly watched each man who entered the iron gates. As she heard the approaching steps she was sure each one would be Dennis; he had always been early, and it was getting late now, but groups of men, women, and children around, and still no Dennis. Suddenly the sweet voices of the choir boys brought her to her feet, and gave her such a sense of peace after her long wanderings and loneliness that, with tears falling fast, she pulled Jerry quickly to the door, saying: "Daddy's in there, Jerry. It's mother and Jerry that's late, sure it is;" and so they entered.

It was a large and generous home. No customs were new; they heard familiar sounds, and were greeted by dear and precious sights. So these faithful souls worshipped with all the rest, and waited for Dennis.

As the great congregation rose to come out, Nancy, refreshed and hopeful, slipped from her seat, and whispering hurried directions to Jerry to do as she did, stationed herself at the end of one aisle while he took his station at the other, both determined that no male member of the congregation should get away on Dennis's feet from that Sunday service.

That peering bright smiling face at the door watching for her loved old man caused many a pleasant thought as one after another caught sight of it. Jerry attracted no notice, but he did his duty patiently, though without success. As the congregation dispersed, and Nancy could see the few remaining members, her heart faltered. Dennis was not among these groups coming slowly down the aisles, and then a mighty fear seized her.

"Whist, Jerry, it's sick he is!" she whispered across to the little boy. And then taking courage, she made her way quickly to an usher, and taking a very firm and almost painful hold upon his arm, she turned her face up very close to his, and whispered: "Do ye know Dennis O'Rourke? Oh, my Dennis! *Do* ye know him?"

"And is it Dennis O'Rourke who broke his leg along about a week ago, ye mind?"

"Oh, and it is, darlint, it is the very same. Oh, my poor Dennis, and sick I knew he was, and him not to be at church! And is it bad he is, and where is he gone, and how can he live without his Nancy?"

Her distressed face and look of perplexity touched the young man who said, "We took him very kindly to the hospital, and there he is living like a prince indeed."

But she turned almost angrily upon him, saying: "Sure it's a sorry day! What do ye mind he can be with his leg broke, and him such a smart walker?"

Many careful and clear directions were given, telling them how to make their way to the big white building, with beautiful gardens and great trees and lawns about it, where Dennis was living so grandly, and taking up their burdens, they trudged on with sad hearts, sure now to find him at last. To cross a ferry and thread puzzling and crowded streets took time, and many wrong turns were taken, and many times they waited on perplexing corners, and ventured to stop some passer-by, who looked at their distressed faces, and involuntarily lessened his speed for new directions. At last, after much wandering, they reached the hospital, where a grievous disappointment met them.

Dennis O'Rourke was there, and had been there a week, but Sunday was not a day for visitors, and exceptions must not be made, and they must wait for twenty-four hours before they could be taken to his bedside. Many were Nancy's questions about his fall and sufferings, but when she learned that his leg had been so shattered that surgeons had removed it, all her courage forsook her, and she broke down for the first time, and cried and sobbed so noisily that Jerry coaxed her not to forget she was disturbing the sick people, and keeping the gentlemen standing to talk with her. The little boy needed all his own courage to lead her away from the door, for he had nowhere to take her, and they were tired, and had eaten nothing since very early that morning before leaving the steamer. All looked dark and hopeless now. Dennis maimed, unable to leave the hospital and to come to them for weeks; no home, and only enough money to last them two or three weeks; and what were they to do when it was gone? Still, in all the gloom, Nancy had the constant consciousness that to-morrow she and Dennis were to meet again, were to make new plans, and notwithstanding all his failures, he would tell her what they were to do and what he had been doing for them. She could still turn to him as of old, and she and Jerry could work, and they would all be happy again.

A kind woman, seeing them hesitate at the outer door of the hospital, waited and asked if she could help them, and Nancy became breathless with rapid utterance of the whole sad story. Their problems were some of them easy to solve, and they were shown a small lodging-house, and near by a dining-room where a cheap dinner could be had, and though Nancy could not eat, Jerry let very little time pass by before he was at the table and vigorously at work.

The next morning Jerry heard his window pushed noisily open, and almost before it was daylight Nancy was leaning far out, and looking at the corner of the great building where they had been the day before. Only a few hours more to wait. Already the birds were singing in the great trees, and the first stir and sounds about the building were beginning. Milk-cans were rattling, and a wagon stopping here and there to leave its daily portion of milk or bread. As the daylight asserted itself fully, Nancy roused Jerry, telling him to make haste and be ready. They felt as if they could spare but little time for breakfast, for they must get nearer the hospital in order to be sure to be in time. They took up their station outside the lodge; but finding they were a little in the way, as many were passing in and out, they spent their time in pacing up and down, not daring to go more than a few rods beyond the door. It was a fine warm sunny morning, and the flowers were blossoming within the railing, and they saw many patients out under the trees, and peered between the rails, hoping to discover Dennis. Dinner was not to be thought of; but growing very weary, they ventured to cross the street and rest on the door-step of a school-house just opposite the lodge. At one o'clock they ventured timidly to the door, and were shown into a waiting-room, where they must sit for an hour, Jerry turning his hat round and round, while Nancy fastened her eyes so keenly on the door that it seemed as if they must leave a sort of photographic impression there. Gradually the room filled with other friends of other sufferers, though Nancy felt that the building might well exist just for Dennis's sake alone. The last five minutes seemed longer than the night; but the hour came at last. The young man who led them through the corridor hastened his own step to keep pace with their hurried trot. At last they heard him say, "This is the ward, and Dennis O'Rourke is in the third bed on the left," and he turned away from the door. Nancy, with her big white ruffles around her face, wore a wonderful expression of pain and love and joy. She paused one instant, puzzled as to which was left; but she would not wait to determine, and at a venture turned to the right. "One, two, three," she counted aloud; and with a dash she was beside the third bed, to find it unoccupied. A terrible fear shot through her heart for a moment; but Jerry, tugging at her gown, said:

"Ye are all wrong, granny. The gentleman said the left."

Then, with renewed hope and extended arms, she turned quickly, and found herself leaning over a strange form, as unlike her Dennis as a lad of fifteen could be unlike a gnarled, weather-beaten man of sixty. Again Jerry pulled her away, and as she cried out, "Oh, where is my old man? Where is my Dennis?" a nurse greeted her, gently offering to help her.

"What is your Dennis's last name, and perhaps I can find him for you?" she said, sorry for the helpless old woman, and anxious to keep her well-ordered ward quiet and undisturbed.

"Dennis O'Rourke; and he's lost his leg, ma'am, he has. And I know he's dead and gone from that other bed entirely."

It was the nurse's turn to be puzzled as she answered: "You are looking for your old man, you say, and yet I think you mean your son; and here he is, and you must be calm and glad, for he is doing well, and will be out again before many weeks. Will you not, Dennis O'Rourke?"

Nancy's face was a hopeless blank, and Jerry's was no better. There she stood, rooted to the spot, silent and pale. Then she uttered, slowly: "Why are ye deceiving me if it's dead he is. Sure I'll have to bear it some day, and I'll never be younger to meet it."

"But I am not deceiving you, my good soul. This is Dennis O'Rourke, and the only one who has been here; and no one is dead, dear, and there is some mistake."

"Mistake, is it? Why, my Dennis's leg was broke off, and they brought him here. They told me so. And he is not a mean little lad like this; he's a man, every inch of him, is my old Dennis, with a proud spirit about him."

Not until Nancy had gone to each bed in the whole surgical ward was she willing to go down stairs; and even then she came back, and took another look at the Dennis O'Rourke in the third bed, over whose head Jerry had spelled out the name they were seeking. She shook her finger at him, saying, "How dare ye break your leg, and call yourself Dennis O'Rourke, and get taken in here as if you was worth it, ye little cheat?"

The sufferer was too indifferent to small matters to care much about Nancy's words, but he felt there was a little injustice somewhere. When they reached the office, Nancy was full of bitter indignation that she had been deceived, and then that they were unable to tell her where they had put him, having been so careless about confusing the names. "He is somewhere inside the palace there, and ye can't keep me from him long," she cried.

For several days she and Jerry returned and claimed the right to find him. Gentle at first, but finally stern, were the refusals to let them enter; useless were all explanations. There was some great mistake, and when Nancy at last realized that he was not there, she still clung to the conviction of the broken leg. She and Jerry visited all the hospitals of the city, finding their way as helpless children find theirs by the sympathy aroused by their troubled faces. No other living Dennis O'Rourke was waiting to disappoint them, and the weeks began to count up behind them, and their money was nearly spent.

Then crept over Nancy a cloud of sorrow; slowly it drew near and settled down upon her. Dennis must be dead; she did not feel it, but she believed it. Each Sunday they had found their own church, sometimes in one part of the city, and sometimes in another; but although they were always early, generally the first at the doors after the service was over, still he never appeared, and all their watching was in vain. Then they visited the graveyards, one by one, asking questions as they entered, but exploring for themselves, as they had very little confidence any longer in any answers. Once they had the same experience among the dead that they had had among the wounded, and there was almost joy upon Nancy's face at the success of her search; but when they reached the grave of which they were told, she at once saw that she never could have been so proud of him if he had required no larger grave, and Jerry read that the little Dennis O'Rourke buried there had spent but three summers in this weary world.

On a hot September afternoon they were returning from their daily search earlier than usual, as a black cloud threatened rain, and they had hurried back to the city. The sun flashed out between the clouds with the lurid light which sometimes precedes the final gathering of the storm. As they hurried home, Nancy saw a woman seated in a doorway with crimson dulse and Irish-moss for sale, who attracted her attention. A quick vision of her old home and the coast where she had lived as a child flashed before her, and she begged just to put her hand in the basket and feel it. As she passed the moss through her fingers a distant sound of music attracted Jerry's attention, and he begged her to wait, and let him see what was coming. They stood at the crowded corner, where a policeman was stationed on the crossing to make it possible for women and children to venture from one side of the street to the other, and looking to the south saw a great golden chariot approaching.

Six white horses gayly decked with ribbons, and drawing something which many thought might be a throne, slowly drew near. They had heard stories of London, and of kings and queens, and now they were going to see for themselves these great sights in America. Up on the very top, high among the windows of the shops, were seated musicians, who were playing in honor, Jerry thought, of five or six great personages who sat there bright in blue velvet and gold lace. These gentlemen were scattering something—it might be money—which was floating down upon the groups on the sidewalks, and boys were scrambling and reaching for it. Jerry's ears were full of the music, his eyes and hands were ready for the yellow papers floating over his head, when suddenly he heard a piercing shriek from Nancy at his side, and the words "It's my Dennis, and he's a king!" were all she uttered as he saw her dash headlong into the street, and plunge straight for the back of the chariot, fiercely making her way through the crowd, with her arms thrusting aside all who were in her path. On went the stout figure, plunging ahead until she touched the golden coach. Then, with white cap and ruffles blowing back on her head, somehow, anyhow, she gained a footing on some gilt projecting corner, then another step, and her hands seized golden roses and columns, and up she climbed, swinging and clinging as she made her way, followed by shouts and laughter from those below. Once or twice it seemed she must lose her footing, but love and pride led her on.

There was a round of applause as the last step was taken, and over she went to the space where the orchestra was still playing. But once there, she did not stop. No ordinary force could have held back that love. On she went, regardless of music or musicians, until she reached the driver in his high and dignified seat, and there at his side was Dennis, with his hands full of yellow advertisements, his coat splendid with gold lace, and a three-cornered hat on his head. Two plump arms were thrown about him, a frilled cap was pressed against his unyielding hat, and a round Irish face, red with a mighty effort, but tender and radiant with love and joy, was close to his.

"Dennis, darlin', I've found you again!" And then a loud cry of "Jerry! Jerry! both his legs is with him. Jerry—"

ALASKA'S MINING REGIONS.

(*Continued from page 467.*)

sage, and for several years the basin above the falls yielded rich returns. The abandoned cabins, the flumes and tunnels, and even the faded paper of their old notices are to be found now, when a company has just begun hydraulic mining on a considerable scale. Their tunnel from the beach runs in five hundred feet, with an uplift through seventy feet of rich gravel. A huge black pipe line runs straight up the mountain-side to meet the flume and ditch from a further basin, and the monitor is fast washing the basin empty of its treasure.

Shucks is the most fortunate place in its surroundings, and all the way from the strange little plum-pudding of an island at the entrance of the arm there is an eight-mile panorama of peculiarly Alaskan beauty. All the trees are decked with pale green mosses, eagles sweep overhead, and salmon leap in those exquisite waters. A double waterfall plunges from the basin to the beach, and the view every way is enchanting. To follow the pipe line and ditches up, up through the forest to the second basin shows one the heart of the wild-wood. Dwarf laurel and acres of violets carpet little open meadows, and over the cedar-tops the water and the walls of the lovely fiord are in sight far below.

In the upper basin one day we watched the surveyors' rites and incantations from which they were to make the map, and we watched the inimitable Tommy panning gold and making German pancakes with equal dexterity. "I like him for that honest Prussian face," said his master, and the cheery little Westphalian won us all in the same way, for that sage, cherubic countenance smiling over his prospect pan would cheer the gloomiest claim-owner.

Shucks is generally accepted as the site of the Lost Rocker, a favorite miners' legend that corresponds to the Lost Cabin and Lost Vein of other mining regions. Every mining district must have its Lost something, and on the curtain of the Juneau Opera-house there are painted the ambuscaded Indians shooting the two miners who were shovelling almost pure gold into the rocker. One miner died on the spot, and the other crawled and paddled away to a settlement, and died just in the middle of the sentence telling where he left the rocker. For twenty years miners have been hunting the phantom rocker, and even Joseph Juneau admits that he had heard of it before he paddled his canoe up the coast. It is a tradition dear to the Alaskan heart now, and dramatized and presented by local talent at the Juneau Opera-house *The Lost Rocker* always draws.

With a good hotel, Juneau would offer much to summer idlers and pleasure-seekers. The life of this sea-shore mining camp is full of strange, picturesque, and exciting incident. Something is always coming or going on the water, crowds of booted men hold the streets, and all the twenty-four hours are vocal in midsummer. The night shift at the mines necessitates a night shift at the places where the miners spend their money, and the mysterious white midnight light stimulates gayety. The shuffle of heavy feet, shouting voices, and scraping fiddles tell where the dance is on. Neither the cemetery of neglected graves on the hill-side nor the new one across the creek ever yawns, and even the thrushes along the old trail sing their "*Te Deum! Te Deum! Te Deum!*" in ascending trills of marvellous sweetness all night long.

Miners are coming and going on the Basin road, and "the boys" are always enjoying their pranks and rough horseplay. Once an enterprising merchant painted on every bowlder by the road-side the imperative order, "Go to Blank's." The same night stout knuckles pounded on his door.

"Here we are," cried the boys.

"What do you want?"

"Here we are. We've come."

"What do you want?"

"Well, we seen it all along the road, 'Go to Blank's,' and we concluded we'd go. Now what do you want of us? We're here."

He directed them elsewhere—really ordering an entire change of climate—and window-slamming, door-pounding, and an angry interchange of sentiments followed. After several such rude awakenings, the advertiser took two paint-pots up the cañon, and altered the invitation to his counters.

Much as Sitka begrudges Juneau its prominence, the capital has to see many important lawsuits go to Bald Mountain's base for trial, because Sitka's citizens are too few to furnish many juries. The spring and fall terms of the district court are gala seasons. The judge, clerk, attorney, and marshal come from Sitka, the curtain is dropped upon the Opera-house stage, and the scene is set in the level orchestra for the judicial drama. The crier makes his "*Oyez! oyez!*" and "Come into court, Mr. Delaney!" heard all over town, and every one strolls in to see the new plays of the season, even Indians hanging their heads over the gallery rail in numbers. Every mining claim in the region has appeared in court one or many times, and every phase of frontier life, every situation of mining camps, and all the romance, comedy, and tragedy of a miner's life are presented. The quarrels of "pardners," the suits of the men who thawed out drill holes with red-hot crowbars and didn't know they were loaded, murders, and even probate cases furnish interesting dramas. The divorce mill grinds rarely, as many formalities can be dispensed with in the unconventional life of such a far-away place.

Each witness is a strange type, and has more individuality than the other; and at times attorneys, talesmen, and witnesses seem to be all made up for and playing character parts. Justice is dealt out impartially to corporations, millionaires, and the well-to-do, but the poor miner and prospector always has the sentiments and sympathy of the blind goddess and the twelve jurymen.

"Oh, well," said one foreman to his eleven, "I don't suppose Brown has much right to this three hundred dollars, but he's poor, and needs it. Old Smith's rich, and can stand it, so let's give Brown the money."

And no cloud of witnesses can convince a jury that any one has stolen timber from the public domain; nor would a grand jury indict, a witness testify against, nor a petit jury convict any one of selling or smuggling intoxicating liquors. Justice can be deaf and dumb as well as blind when there is no other resource against laws which nineteen-twentieths of the citizens oppose.

In one case an Indian woman, summoned as a witness, was first asked if she knew of God and understood the nature of an oath.

"Yes; if I should tell a lie, it would disgrace my people and make God angry." And then, as a simple self-evident statement, "I am a woman; I cannot lie—like a man."

Best of witnesses was a little Indian girl, who alone had seen a murder committed. She answered direct questions very quietly, but when told to tell all she knew about it, roused the audience with her dramatic tale, her gestures, and pantomime. "Gun go *bang!*" And down dropped the infant phenomenon, a very Bernhardt among her stolid Thlinket people.

Another day a sunburnt, horny-handed miner came forward, with the muffled tread of gum boots, and being sworn, burst forth: "Now, it all began down at Slim Jim's, your honor. Smith he opened a flyer, and Jones he flashed a card at me, and—"

"Stop! stop!" thundered the judge at the voluble witness. "Silence!" to the roaring court-room. And then, of the District Attorney, he asked, "Can you explain or interpret what the witness is saying?"

"No, your honor;" and again the Opera-house came down.

Slim Jim's is the real heart of the town, the club, market-house, and exchange, the popular resort of the thirsty, and of those who tempt fortune with dust, dollars, or chips. "Jim plays on the square," said one biographer of this popular citizen. It was at the time of the baccarat trial, and I besought an envoy to go and ask the opinion of this Juneau expert on the play of the Prince, Sir William, and the Wilsons.

"A fellow tried that here *once;* he's right up there on the hill now," said my envoy, nodding his head toward the cemetery.

Out-door life is all too interesting in such summer seasons as Juneau has enjoyed for three years—weeks and weeks of clear sunny days, when the wind dies down and the channel slumbers in a warmth and radiance that mellow the very soul. Except for the fortnightly mail-steamer, there is no way to travel further than the Treadwell wharf except by canoe or chartered steam-launch. One may cross to the island by the steam-ferry, but more enjoyable is a sail with any of the local skippers, who run in rivalry with the little propeller. These boatmen blow tin fish-horns, and shout: "All aboard! All aboard for Douglas City!" and they entertain one greatly while zigzagging about with the light summer breeze. "Yes, the winters are dull in Juneau," said one. "So me and my wife we just went to Europe last winter." And he told us of Copenhagen's gayeties, the grand opera, the Queen's gown, and the bric-à-brac in the Rosenberg. After that gay winter he returned, bought a new boat at Seattle, and contentedly puffs his pipe, and collects his two bits from each passenger he sails across the channel. For variety, he sails his boat down to the Taku open, gathers in the little icebergs that float out from the glacier, and soon sells his cargo in the town of such phenomenal thirst.

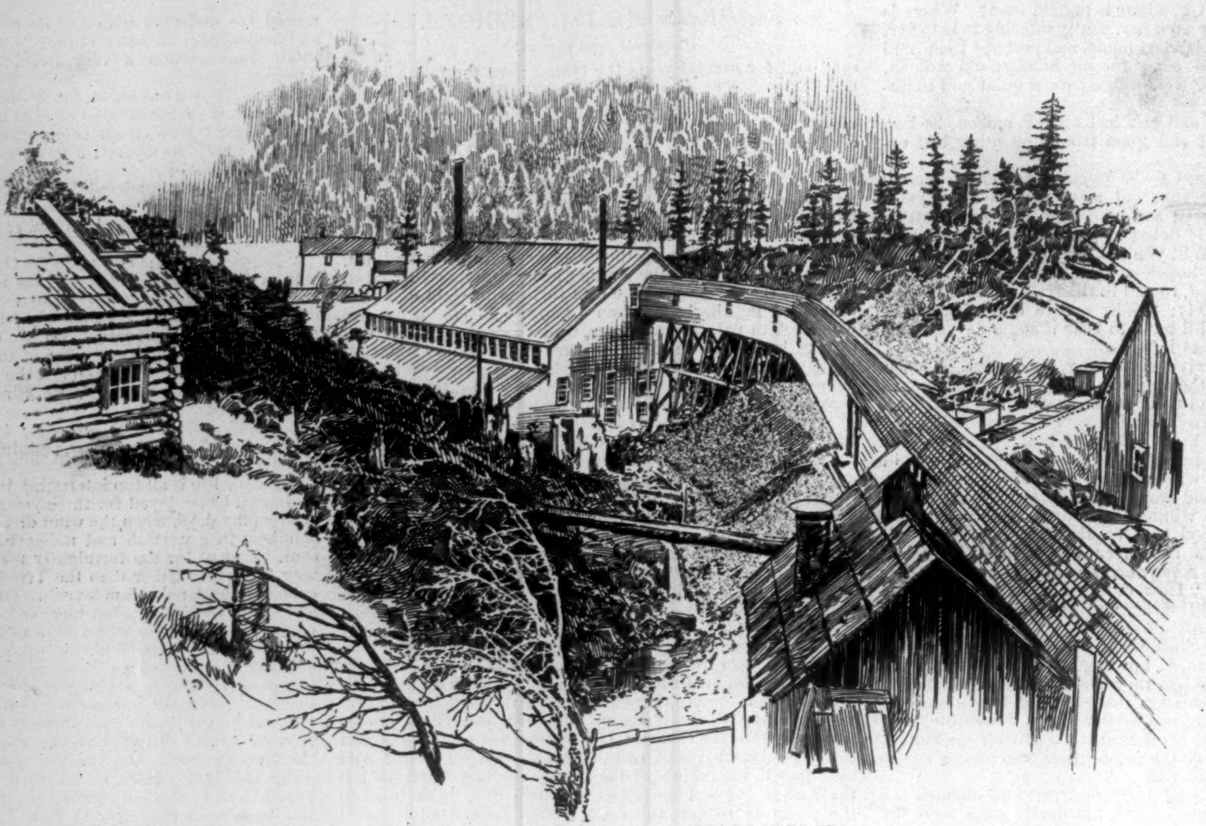
And there is Dick Willoughby, the patriarch of pioneers, who has lived and prospected all over the Territory, and who has a divining-rod's power in finding mines, to judge from the number he has found, sold, or kept. It was he who photographed the mirage of the silent city floating in air above Muir Glacier, and made such a fine thing of selling prints from the negative. Last, he has found a pterodactyl's wing and collar-bone, and the eight-hundred-pound trophy awaits a purchaser. The owner is seldom in Juneau in summer-time; but half the town know the fork of his roof-tree in which he hides the key, and will do the honors, hoping that some stranger will be fond enough of pterodactyls to pay five hundred dollars for the relics. Wonders are so common in Juneau that these fossils have not broken up its society, as it did "upon the Stanislow."

But if types and characters abound in town, and the local color is high and strong, there is all the wealth of native life and picturesqueness too. Juneau is ruinous for the amateur photographer, who can reel off spools of film on the beach any sunny day. Canoes are being loaded or unloaded, or covered with blankets to protect them when drawn high on shore. Families and friends sit on the sands to gossip, eat, and trade. Aged relics crawl out to sun themselves, and children frolic and play. One boatman splits his salmon and hangs them to dry, and another has a frame hanging full of drying seals. A worthy couple bring the tub out, and lathering their pet dog, give him such a sudsing and sousing as they never gave themselves. Off the wharf at Juneau and off the floats at Douglas Island Indians are always fishing—a restful occupation for this large leisure class, in a land where ten-o'clock sunsets make it seem always afternoon. And then, on steamer days, the natives flock to the wharf and the beach with baskets, bracelets, spoons, and carvings for sale, the Indians being more alive to the profits of tourist trade than the whites. The Indians were not so very simple in trade when tourists began coming to Alaska, but the present absurd value put upon their work is all the work of tourists. Seven and eight years ago they trailed the amateur photographer for hours, and foregrounded themselves every time he levelled his camera. "*Quatah!*" cries the Indian woman now, hiding her soot-smeared face at sight of a black box; and if not paid, the family seem ready to tear the camera fiend to pieces.

One day an old Indian wandered to the Fashion Bazar, chose a piece of greenish-yellow satin, and producing a shoe, said that he wanted a dress made to fit the woman who wore that shoe. A scientist might have furnished plumage for a bird from that much of a clew, but the little dressmaker was helpless with only a shoe for a waist pattern. "Make it heap big for me," was the puzzled shopper's last resource, and after trying it on, he rolled it up, put it in a new basket, and paddled back to his Chilkat home.

Another day the great medicine-man of the Taku tribe beached his long canoe, and strolled up town in gayly striped blanket, with sacred unkempt locks falling below his shoulders. His two pretty young wives walked with him, twins in looks and twins in their yellow headkerchiefs, and dark blue blankets patterned and bordered with dozens and grosses of small white buttons. His old wife hobbled behind them, a withered little woman of eighty years, gray-haired, nearly blind, but wearing the soft and gentle expression of old age on her poor patient face. A few hours later I found her sitting statuesque at the back of the trader's store, while her liege was spending many dollars over the trinket counter with the younger wives. This unspeakable Turk had come to confer with the Indian policeman at Juneau, his rival for the hand of the Eagle Princess, the reigning beauty of the Taku tribe. The aged wife had interrupted the conference by attacking the Eagle beauty with a knife, and the match was off. But the two women sat in tableau not ten feet apart, the old woman leaning on a bent staff in an attitude of desperate calm and tragic repose, the face placid, patient, inscrutable, and the Eagle beauty sat undisturbed near this slumbering old volcano. The damask bloom in her pale yellow cheek, her fine straight nose and splendid eyes, were no less remarkable than her self-possession, her dignity and repose of manner, that she had not lost even during the incident of the morning.

All down the shore of Douglas Island the land is staked with mineral claims, and on the north end of Admiralty Island the Fuhter Bay, or Tellurium, group of mines have one mill at work on ore of rich promise. Eighty miles


THE FIRST MILL. THE TREADWELL MILL.

THE TREADWELL MINE, DOUGLAS ISLAND.

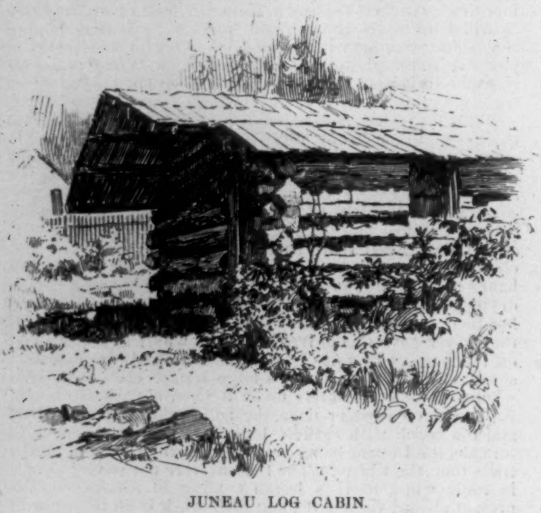
above Juneau are the Berners Bay mines, Tucknook and Seward City being the chief camps. After seasons of hope and prophecy, Seward City's fortunes are in a decline, the very rich ledges being so high and far away from the beach that there is too great risk to work them. Eighty feet of snow in January and eighteen feet in May are too much, and tramways and ore shoots are only straws in the path of avalanches.

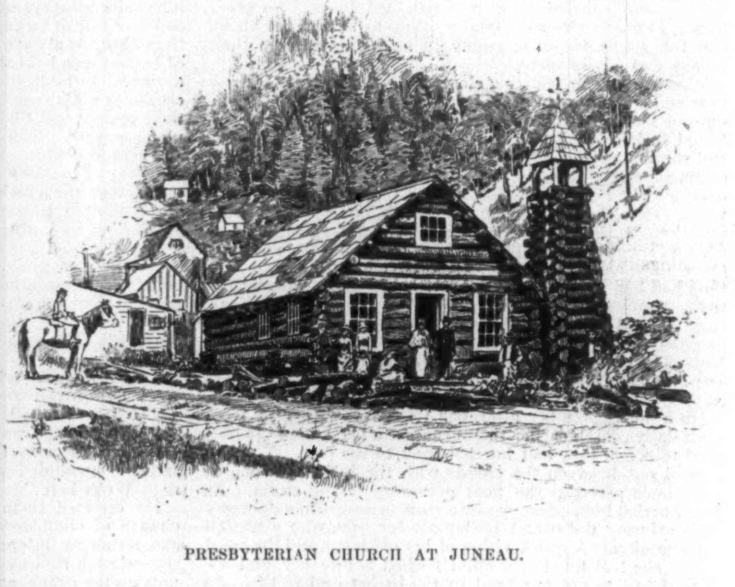
The prospector has searched all the shore line of Alaska, and found indications of gold everywhere and many veins of silver, but remoteness from capitalists and supplies must long delay the opening of these further regions. It is only in the neighborhood of Juneau that any real mining is being done. Coal seams have been found in the archipelago, in Cook's Inlet, and on the arctic coast, but all is promise in these mines as well, until the coal laws are extended to the Territory.

To the placers along the head waters of the Yukon, prospectors have been regularly going since 1879. The Chilkoot and Chilkat Indians living at the head of Lynn Canal turned back a large and well-equipped party of pioneers in 1877, but in 1879 miners succeeded in crossing the divide and finding the golden gulches. As this Bean party went in, they met the famous Slim Jim coming out, and this first and favorite citizen of Juneau is the hero of enough Yukon adventures to crowd the memory that tries to hold them all.

"What did you do when you came to the cañon that first time?" asked one returned miner after narrating his own hair-breadth escape.

"I just shut my eyes and went ahead," said Slim Jim; and this favorite of fickle fortune has done that on principle throughout his career. Another year he fell ill of fever in the Yukon country, and an Indian woman packed him on her back, dragged him on a board, paddled him up the lakes and streams, and returned him to Juneau with his gold-belt intact.


JUNEAU LOG CABIN.

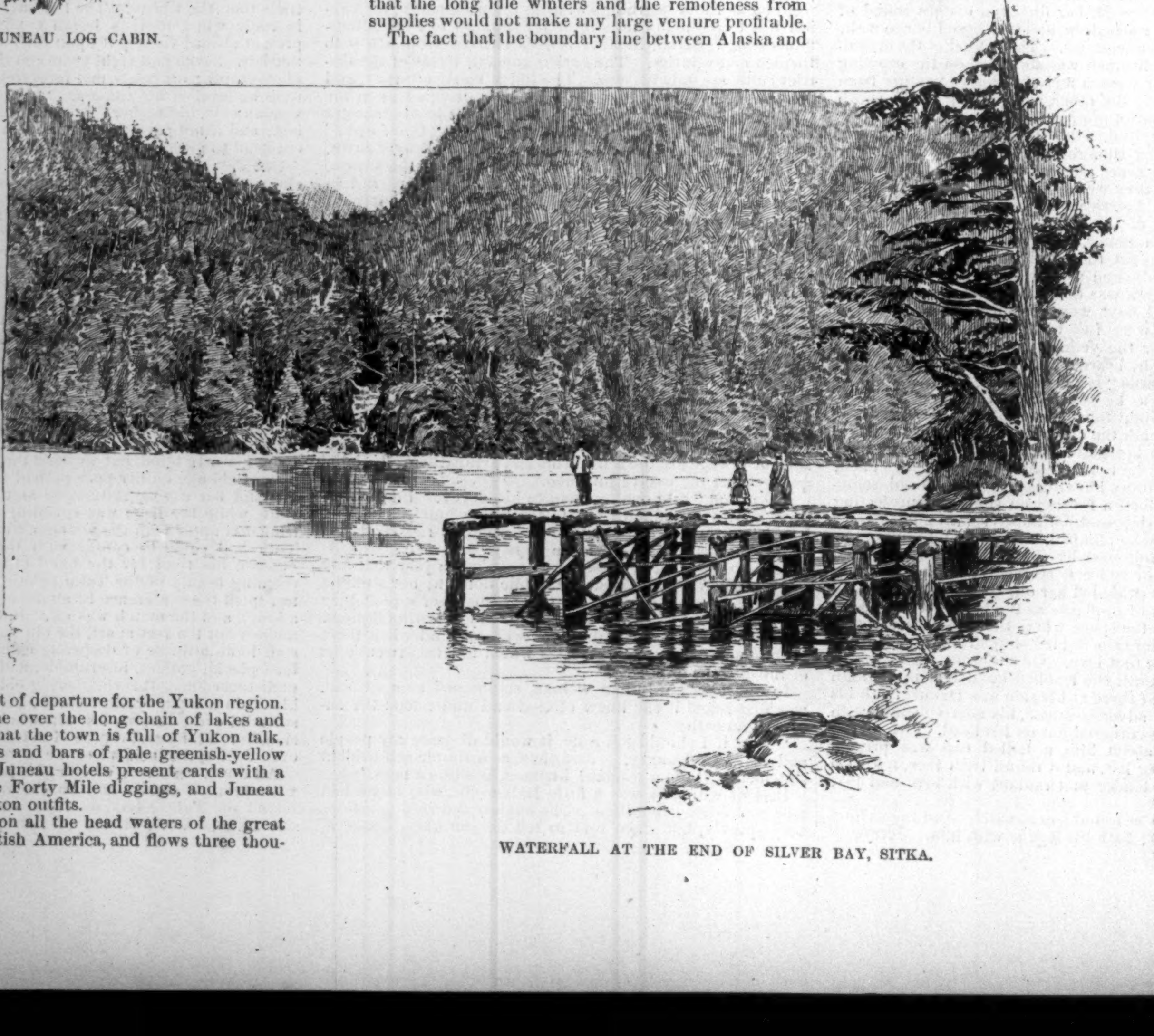

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT JUNEAU.

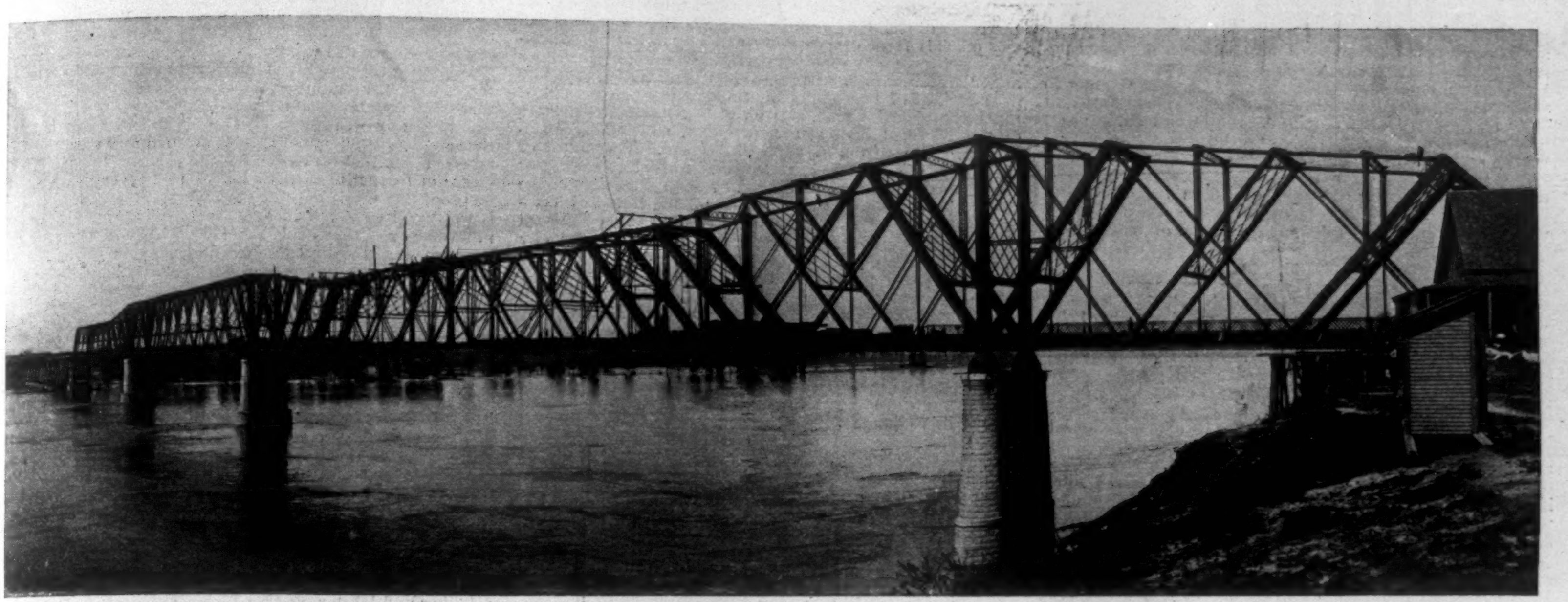
Juneau is the real point of departure for the Yukon region. Every old-timer has gone over the long chain of lakes and rivers at least once, so that the town is full of Yukon talk, and one may see ounces and bars of pale greenish-yellow Yukon gold any day. Juneau hotels present cards with a table of distances to the Forty Mile diggings, and Juneau merchants advertise Yukon outfits.

Gold has been found on all the head waters of the great river, which rises in British America, and flows three thousand miles to the sea. Mining camps are thickest in the region where the 141st meridian, the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia, crosses the Yukon. The placers yield well, and the one hundred and fifty men on Forty Mile Creek claim to get from forty to sixty thousand dollars in each year's short mining season of four months. There is a regular tariff exacted by the Indians for packing goods across the divide, and traders' stores and rest-houses occur at intervals along the great waterway. For the independent miner, fond of adventure and the wilderness, the upper Yukon will long be a resort, but the stock company, the quartz-mill, and chlorination-works may never penetrate it. The Schiefflin Brothers spent forty thousand dollars of their Tombstone fortunes in a thorough prospecting of the lower Yukon in 1882, and after examining the first thousand miles of the river-banks with their own steamer, launches, and canvas boats, decided that the long idle winters and the remoteness from supplies would not make any large venture profitable.

The fact that the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia is not determined anywhere has given rise to trouble along the Yukon, as it did twenty years ago along the Stikine. The Ogilvie survey for the Canadian government in 1887 put Forty Mile Creek in British territory, and the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey party of 1890 to 1891 put all but the mouth of the creek in Alaska. When British officials visited the Yukon camps to prevent miners without licenses from working the placers, the men refused to pay their ten dollars apiece, and were so resolute about their placers being in a free country that the officials retreated, and the miners enjoy the benefit of the uncertainty until the two governments formally agree upon the precise line. Certain high-booted men, tilting back in their chairs before Juneau saloons, still regale their listeners with tales of how "our boys stood off the British posse."

Further south, the boundary line is of greater importance, as all the way from Mount St. Elias down to famous 54° 40', the British claim the greater part of the thirty-mile strip of the mainland, the Russian right to which was never questioned. They claim, in fact, all of Glacier Bay, Lynn Canal, and Taku Inlet; the great piece of mainland known as Cleveland Peninsula, all of Revillagigedo Island, and the smaller islands south and east of it. In places the boundary line, as they draw it, is within one and five miles of the coast, and near Juneau the imaginary line comes nearest to the water's edge. If the newspapers have reported him correctly, Sir John Robson, Premier of British Columbia, suggests that the United States yield the narrow strip of coast between the fifty-sixth parallel and Mount St. Elias—otherwise, all of the mainland shore on which stands Juneau and so many mining camps.


WATERFALL AT THE END OF SILVER BAY, SITKA.



THE GREAT MISSISSIPPI RIVER BRIDGE AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.—From a Photograph by Coovert, Greenville, Mississippi.
The Third Largest in the World, from End to End. Cost $3,000,000.

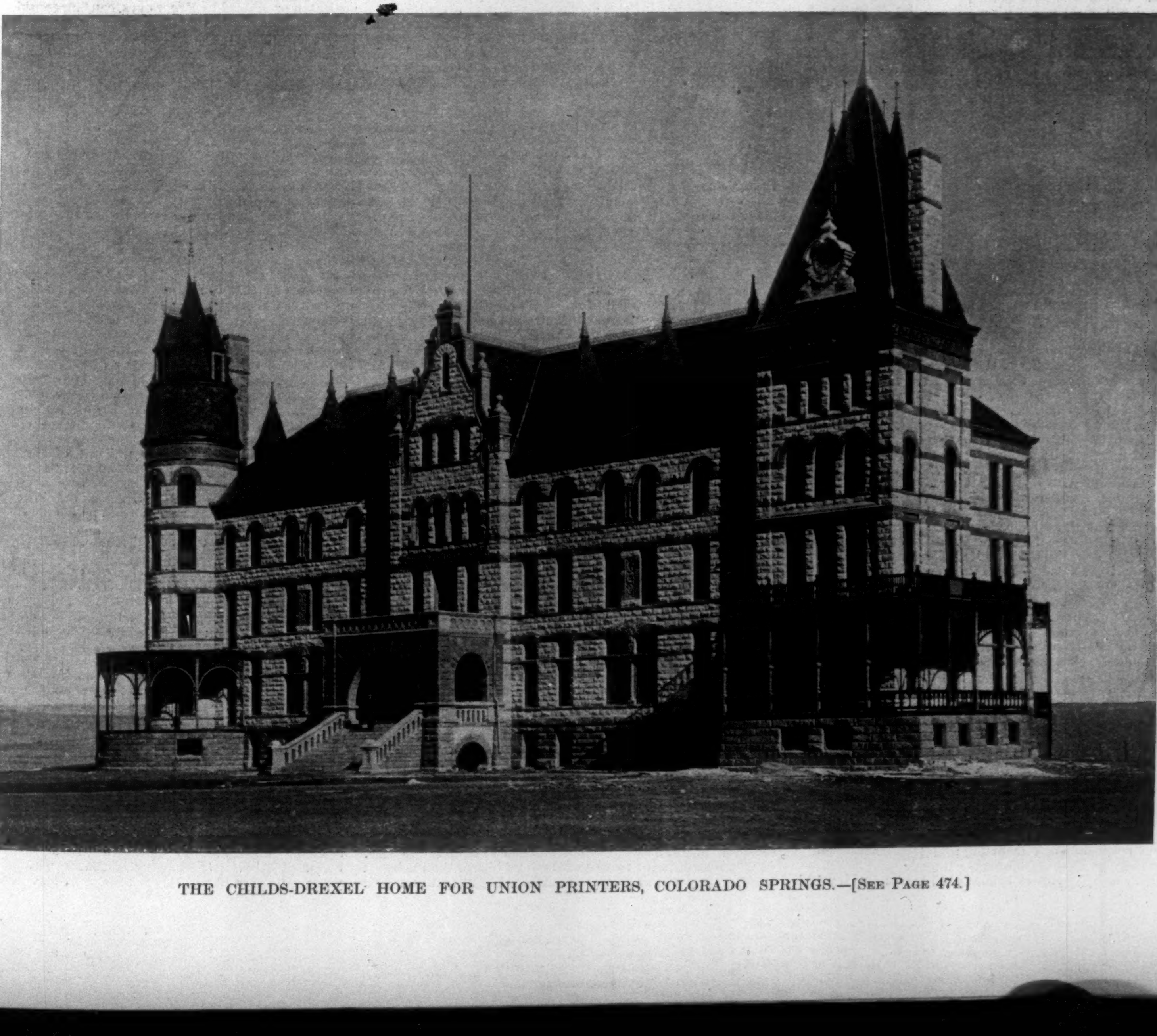
THE GREAT BRIDGE AT MEMPHIS.

Memphis, Tennessee, has heretofore been one of the unfortunate cities that have been obliged to cope with natural disadvantages because of their location. It is a geographical centre of the Southwest, but the Mississippi has cut off its direct communication by rail with the great States that lie beyond the river. Memphis has therefore enjoyed none of the prosperity that should have been hers by virtue of central location. The spirit of progress, however, has incited the people to overcome this difficulty, and the result is a great bridge across the Mississippi at that point. This is a point to be observed, for it brings into prominence a city that has before suffered from simple natural causes, and places it in the van, and in competition with other cities, where it belongs. The States of the west and east, and those lying north and south on either side, are now joined by direct lines, with Memphis as the centre, and the advantages will be felt by all. The Memphis *Appeal-Avalanche* has lately brought out a thirty-two-page illustrated paper celebrating the completion of the bridge and the beginning of a new and prosperous era for the city, and showing wherein Memphis may achieve a prominence that has hitherto been denied. Among other things it is proposed, or rather suggested, to have an open waterway to the sea, so that steamers may make Memphis their port, and thus bring the central States into close contact with the far-away cities of the outside world. Improbable as an inland seaport may seem, it is well to remember that this is the age of progress, and that the matter is already under consideration. The Deep-water Convention—an incident of the opening ceremonies—may be able to settle definitely whether the scheme is feasible, and before long there may be a Memphis and Liverpool line of steamers, and the Memphis of the Nile overshadowed by her Tennessee namesake.

It is the great bridge that has aroused these schemes and opened the way to advancement. The ceremonies of the formal opening of the bridge on May 11th, 12th, and 13th, the parades, the oration by Senator Voorhees, the visiting Governors and representatives of States and government, the presence of the United States steamer *Concord*—in fact the entire celebration will be a thing long remembered in the history of Memphis. It may not be long before Memphis can point backward with pride to the days that marked the beginning of a wondrous epoch in her life. The net of railroads will be woven closer, and the guide-book publishers forced to enlarge their editions, while the student and traveller will wonder more and more.

The bridge at Memphis has the longest trussed span of any in the United States, and in the whole world there are but two that exceed it. It is a truss bridge with five spans and six piers, the longest span measuring 790.04 feet. In the bridge proper there are 2597.12 feet, and with the iron viaduct and the trestle connected the entire length is 7997.12 feet. The bridge runs from the Chickasaw Bluff on the Tennessee side to the low lands of Arkansas, where connection is made with a number of railroads. The iron viaduct referred to is built above the bottoms of Arkansas that are subject to the overflows of the great river. The work on the bridge was begun in the latter part of 1888, after the subject had been agitated for several years and the charter granted. George S. Morison, of Chicago, drew up the plans, and has personally superintended the construction, assisted by Alfred Noble. The five piers, not including the anchor pier, rest upon caissons varying from 40 to 92 feet in length, which have been sunk in the soft bed of the river. The sinking and settling of these caissons was the greatest difficulty encountered by the engineers, and four lives were lost in the work. The last pier was completed in May, 1891, and on April 6, 1892, Arkansas and Tennessee were welded together. The bridge is of the cantilever type, and stands 75 feet above high-water. The main posts of the cantilever trusses are 80 feet in height, and as many tons in weight. According to the estimate of the engineer, the superstructure weighs altogether nearly ten thousand tons, while 100,000 rivets have been used.

Such is the bridge just completed at Memphis, and further annihilation of time in travelling may be enjoyed by the hurrying, restless souls of to-day. There are a number of railroads on both sides of the river that have had their com-



THE CHILDS-DREXEL HOME FOR UNION PRINTERS, COLORADO SPRINGS.—[See Page 474.]

mon centre in St. Louis, but this bridge will serve to make Memphis another such railroad city. It is hard to realize what influence is exerted on our lives and on our cities by such things as bridges and railroads, which make easy communication with the outside world, but it is almost impossible to exaggerate their importance. And it is pleasing to think that this great net-work of iron rails binds East and West and all of us together in one indivisible nation; and where the ties are made closer by the opening of a new bridge, though it be a thousand miles away, there is just and sufficient cause for national congratulation. It is said that the eastern end of the bridge, resting on the Chickasaw Bluff, is near the spot where tradition says De Soto stood when he first gazed upon the mighty Father of Waters.

THE CHILDS-DREXEL HOME.

THE dedication at Colorado Springs, on May 12th, of the Childs-Drexel Home for Union Printers is an event of wide interest, and, indeed, of international importance. Preparations looking to the fitting celebration of this event have long been making, and the ceremonies are attended by large numbers of distinguished people from all parts of the United States. Six hundred members of the National Editorial Association, on their way to the San Francisco convention, make their only stop on the transcontinental journey at Colorado Springs to assist at the dedication; and Mr. Childs himself, whose aversion to travelling is well known, and who has never before been west of Chicago, is also present, accompanied by Mr. A. J. Drexel and a distinguished party.

The institution which is the occasion of so large and notable a gathering at Colorado Springs had its origin in a gift of $10,000 made in 1886 to the International Typographical Union of North America by George W. Childs, the noted philanthropist and well-known publisher of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, and Anthony J. Drexel, the eminent Philadelphia banker. The gift was unconditional, but it was, of course, implied that it was to be used for the general good of the Union. How this money should be used was for a time a vexed question, but among the many ideas brought forward, that of founding a home for the broken-down and aged members of the craft rapidly gained favor. Various means were proposed for increasing the fund so generously started, and the following plan was finally adopted: Once a year, namely, on May 12th, the birthday of Mr. Childs, each Union printer east of the Mississippi River contributes the price of 1000 ems of composition, while a similar contribution is made by those west of that river on September 13th, the birthday of Mr. Drexel. The fund had been placed in the hands of special trustees, and its growth was so rapid that in little more than a year after the original contribution had been made the decision was reached that the building of the Home might be undertaken.

Naturally, various places throughout the country were anxious to secure the proposed institution. Many generous propositions were made, and the location committee was kept busy viewing the various sites offered. But after having seen Colorado Springs, and examining the magnificent site of eighty acres which the generosity of that city, and in particular of two of its citizens, had placed at their disposal, a decision in favor of the Pike's Peak city was a foregone conclusion. Formal action accepting this gift was taken at the Atlanta convention in 1890, at which time it was also decided to begin at once the erection of a building to cost not less than $60,000. It is an imposing structure, both ornate and substantial, built of gray lava-stone, with red sandstone trimmings. It is four stories in height, with a length of 144 feet and a depth of 40 feet, with a wing 20 by 40 feet, and contains 63 rooms. It is heated by steam, lighted by electricity, and is supplied with every modern convenience. Its rooms have been almost entirely furnished by individuals and unions as memorials or endowments. Mr. Childs furnishes the parlors in honor of Mrs. Childs, and as a memorial of the late Mrs. Drexel. The furniture of the San Francisco Union's room is made entirely, even to the smallest articles, of the California redwood. The Denver Union furnishes the reading-room and observatory, in which a large telescope will be placed. Other rooms are furnished by the St. Louis Union, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, and others, while the flag which floats over the building is the gift of the printers of the Houston (Texas) *Post.* Thus from one end of this broad land to the other will be felt a deep and deepening interest in the Printers' Home, and in the noble work soon to be auspiciously inaugurated.

The Home has a superb location, and the view which it commands is grand and inspiring beyond expression. In the foreground at its feet lies the beautiful city of Colorado Springs, famous the world over as a health and pleasure resort, and visited annually by thousands of people from all parts of the world. At the further edge of the city, and stretching from north to south as far as the eye can reach, are the majestic mountains of the Pike's Peak range, with the kingly Peak directly to westward, its summit rising 14,147 feet above the sea. Five miles to the southwest, in all its splendid length, lies Cheyenne Mountain, beloved of H. H., whose grave lies far up upon its rugged, sun-bathed slopes. To the southward is seen the Greenhorn range, sixty miles away, distinct, massive; while beyond this, and 120 miles away, rise the twin Spanish Peaks, purple in the distance, yet seen with a distinctness only possible in the transparent atmosphere of these upland regions.

From the eminence upon which the Home stands, many of the scenic features which have made Colorado Springs famous can readily be located. There are the Cheyenne Cañons, great clefts in the granite, where rock walls rise perpendicularly 1500 feet. Near their entrances, and at the foot of Cheyenne Mountain, lies the Broadmoor Casino, to find the equal of which in elegance and completeness one must visit the most noted of the Old World spas. Directly westward is the town of Manitou, five miles distant, where are found the medicinal waters which first made the Pike's Peak region famous. Here are the entrances to three cañons of wonderful beauty and grandeur; and here also is the lower terminus of the cog railway, a marvel of audacious engineering, which has recently been completed to the very summit of the Peak itself. Turning the gaze a little northward from Manitou, the gigantic rocks forming the gateway to the far-famed Garden of the Gods may be seen rising above the level mesa; and still further northward is the entrance to Glen Eyrie. Blair Athol and Monument Park are still beyond, yet all within the sweep of a six-mile radius from Colorado Springs. A strange and fascinating region is this, which has called forth the wondering admiration of tens of thousands of visitors from all parts of the world. It is in the midst of such inspiring and wonder-compelling scenery that the Printers' Home is situated.

The dedicatory exercises occur at the Home on May 12th—which, by-the-way, is the sixty-third anniversary of Mr. Childs's birthday. Among the thousands present are the Governor of Colorado and the State officials, the county and city officials from every county and city in the State, delegations from many of the principal typographical unions and other labor organizations of the United States, members of the Board of Trustees of the Childs-Drexel Home and of the International Union, as well as six hundred delegates of the National Editorial Association, and other distinguished visitors from all parts of the land. The orator of the day is the Hon. J. H. Gallinger, United States Senator from New Hampshire; and W. B. Prescott, President of the International Union, August Donath, of the Board of Trustees of the Home, W. S. Cappeller, President of the National Editorial Association, also speak, as do the State and city officials. Bishop McLaren, of Chicago, who accompanies the Childs party, pronounces the benediction.

The choice of Colorado Springs as the location of this noble institution is a most admirable one. Situated 6000 feet above the sea-level, with a light, dry, and tonic atmosphere and an abundance of sunshine at all seasons of the year, it has a climate the fame of whose health-giving and health-restoring properties has become world-wide. Happy the printers who in years to come shall receive the ministrations of this climate within the walls of the Childs-Drexel Home! GEORGE REX BUCKMAN.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF OUR FISH?

ONE of our foremost national industries, and one which embraces probably more elements of importance than any other, bids fair to be wiped out of existence.

While the newspapers have recently devoted columns upon columns to our Bering Sea fisheries, and the question of the condition of our seal fisheries has been generally discussed, the probable extermination of a similar but far more important industry, and one, too, that is "right under our noses," so to speak, has remained unnoticed.

I refer, in general, to our economical food fisheries, and in particular to the catching of mackerel, lobsters, and codfish.

The annual catches of mackerel and lobsters have for the past decade gradually and steadily decreased, and the size and quality of the fish have decreased in the same ratio, and unless strong measures are promptly adopted for the protection of these fisheries, it is but a matter of time, and short time, too, when they will be but a memory of the past.

The wiping out of these industries is a far more serious matter than many people realize. It means that the laborer will be deprived of a staple food article, and the epicure will have to dispense with many tempting dishes; it means sending money for fish to foreign countries which should be circulated in the United States; and it means, too, the taking away from those brave and loyal fellows, the American fishermen, their occupations, which, when gone, will leave them in a practically helpless condition.

The question is one that not only appeals to the public stomach and public palate, but it touches the public pocket-book, and the public feeling of patriotism.

The national catch of mackerel landed in New England ports was 329,943 barrels in 1885; it decreased to 79,998 barrels in 1886; the catch was 88,382 barrels in 1887; only 48,205 barrels were caught in 1888; and the pitifully small number of 21,918 barrels in 1889. The catch of the past two years has been about the same as that of 1889, while the probable results of this year's catch may be realized when it is stated that a large proportion of the owners and skippers of mackerel schooners have abandoned the business in disgust, and have fitted out their vessels for cod-fishing on the banks.

In comparison with the above figures, it is a significant fact that the vessels sailing from the port of Gloucester alone caught 500,000 barrels of mackerel in 1880–1.

The cause of this condition of affairs is that mackerel have not been caught merely — they have been slaughtered; and while the slaughter is partially due to avaricious indifference and short-sightedness of vessel-owners and skippers, the real cause is due to the fact that the laws which are supposed to protect the fisheries are improperly framed and indifferently enforced.

Less than a generation ago mackerel were caught with the hook and line, or "jig," as it was called, and with the drag-net, and these two methods were amply sufficient. Mackerel were caught in great quantities, the fishermen made enough money to support their families comfortably, and mackerel were so plenty and so cheap that they were eaten even by the very poor. So the mackerel fisheries and the mackerel business flourished, and about a score of years ago the purse seine was introduced. It was hailed with joy, and "seiners," as the schooners were called, were built by the hundreds to prosecute the new method of mackerel-catching. Every one thought the seine would revolutionize mackerel-fishing; and every one was correct, for it has revolutionized the industry far beyond their expectations. A seine is an immense net, sometimes half a mile long, and 160 feet deep. Weights are attached to the lower edge and corks to the upper, so that it is in a perpendicular position when in the water, and it is cast so quickly and in such a manner as to surround a school of mackerel. When this is done, the purse line which runs through metal rings at the bottom is drawn tight, and the mackerel are completely trapped.

The purse seine was a grand success in one way, for immense catches of mackerel were made. The fishermen earned more money than ever before, the seiners paid large dividends on their cost, and the high and the low and the rich and the poor bought fresh mackerel at ridiculously small prices. So matters ran along, and then there came a change. The fishermen had not anticipated that unfailing law of supply *versus* demand affecting prices, which is so thoroughly realized to-day by the coal barons. Vessels sailed to port with holds full and decks covered with fine fresh mackerel, only to find the market so glutted that the fish could not be sold at any price, and they had to be taken outside the harbor and thrown overboard. Yet the murderous purse seine was not cast aside, and seining was as vigorously and as mercilessly prosecuted as before. At one cast of the seine a crew would frequently catch more mackerel than there was room in their vessel for, and the largest and best would be selected, and the others, many of them females in spawn, would be thrown away in a dead or dying condition.

Mackerel were caught in shoal water, whither they had resorted to spawn or for food; they were caught in the spawning season, and at one cast of the seine hundreds of thousands of embryo mackerel were destroyed; and schools were chased by the seining fleets for hundreds of miles along the coast, till the fish were caught, or the schools broken up and separated by fright. More than this. The fishermen, in their senseless greed, as the mackerel began to decrease in size, caught quantities of barrels of them no bigger than a brook trout. They were brought to market; but as no one would buy them, they followed their predecessors of previous years to the dumping-grounds.

So matters continued to the present time, the mackerel, although growing scarcer and smaller year by year, still being slaughtered with the same relentless greed as when they were plenty, till now it is a question in many minds whether there will ever again be American mackerel. There are those who maintain that mackerel have taken another course, and that they will again visit our waters. They advance the senseless argument that it would be impossible to exterminate a fish that was once so numerous. The steady decrease of the national catch for the past seven years should be proof that they are being exterminated, and the argument is worthy of no answer. Were mackerel as thick as the flies in the air even, they could not have withstood the war that has been waged against them.

A few years ago we began to import mackerel from Canada, Norway, and Ireland, and many millions of good American dollars have been sent across the Atlantic for a fish that should be more plenty in our waters than anywhere else in the world. In one year 27,000 barrels have been imported from Canada, and 5000 barrels of Norwegian mackerel have been received in Boston and New York in one week.

To-day mackerel are rarely found in creeks and coves and in shoal water, as formerly; the "jig" and drag-net are in disuse; many seiners are going into other branches of fishing, and those that remain barely make expenses; and depopulated towns, with their deserted wharves and rotting timbers, that line our coast from Cape Cod to Eastport, bear mute but forcible testimony to the ruin of the leading branch of one of our leading industries.

While the lobster does not rank as high as the mackerel from an economic stand-point, it is a delicious shell-fish, and many thousands of families are dependent upon lobster-catching and lobster-canning for an existence; and what is worth having is surely worth retaining.

The lobster catch is growing smaller each year, and the lobsters are decreasing in size in the same ratio as the catch. They have been caught weighing over twenty pounds, and twenty years ago lobsters weighing ten and twelve pounds were caught in such numbers that they created no special comment. Nowadays if one is found in a market that weighs five or six pounds, it is placed on exhibition, and a two-pound lobster is considered a good-sized one. From these facts alone it is apparent that the majority of lobsters that are being caught are, in a sense, "baby lobsters," and that the catching of them cannot fail to be disastrous for the future.

Most of the lobsters sold in our markets are caught off the Maine coast, although a great many are imported from Nova Scotia. The few laws that are supposed to protect lobsters are not properly framed, and the lobster-men have practically their own way. They catch lobsters under the legal size with impunity, and the majority of them think nothing of taking females in spawn. In Maine the State lobster law makes it illegal to sell, eat, or retain a lobster under 10½ inches long, but New York has no law governing the length of lobsters, and consequently the lobster-man has only to smuggle his small lobsters out of the State; and once across the line, he is safe. Hundreds of barrels of contraband lobsters arrive every week in New York from the Pine-Tree State.

That old and reliable king of salt-water fish, the cod, is also beginning to show signs of being killed off. This is to a great extent due to catching cod on trawls. A trawl is a line often more than a mile in length, and it has hundreds of hooks attached to it. It is sunk to bottom, where it remains overnight, and is hauled in the morning, and the fish taken from the hooks. Many fish that have been caught are bitten or nibbled by larger ones, causing considerable loss, and the quality of the fish is injured by their being so long in the water. It is claimed by many that the trawls on the bottom of the sea are a source of alarm to the codfish, and that they are driving the fish away to other localities.

On the Grand Banks the fishermen have found that after a day's fishing, if the cleanings or "gurry" were thrown overboard, no fish could be caught next day. For a while they set sail and sought a new place each day, but of recent years they have thrown the "gurry" into "gurry kids," where it remains till the fishing is finished, when it is dumped over the side. If this "gurry" drives the fish away, as it apparently does, it is patent that a schooner's crew anchoring over a place where kids have been dumped will have no luck. The Grand Banks cover an immense area, to be sure, but if this dumping of "gurry" continues, it is only a matter of a few years when the codfish, like the mackerel, will be driven to other waters.

Such is the condition, briefly stated, of our principal food fisheries, and that it is a deplorable one all thinking readers will admit. Yet there is a remedy, and that remedy is proper legislation. The difficulty with the present fish laws is that, besides their weakness, they are made by individual States. They should be made by the United States. It is absurd to have the catching of fish, which are under the jurisdiction of one State one day and another the next day, controlled by laws of individual States that are at utter variance. For instance, if the Maine lobster law were a national statute, there would be no smuggling of small lobsters from one State to another.

Mr. Eugene Blackford, ex-president of the New York State Fish Commission, once said to me: "There is a New York law relating to the legal size of bass; New Jersey has no such law; and the result is that bass that are caught right here in the North River are carried to Jersey City, as they cannot be sold in New York. This is unjust and unfair, and seriously affects the retail dealer's business in this city."

The writer's opinion is that Congress should pass laws for the protection of the fisheries similar to the following:

No mackerel should be caught before July 1st, as they are not through spawning till then; they should only be caught with hook and line; the seine should be outlawed; none should be caught under nine inches long; they should not be used for bait, nor fished for near shore in shoal water.

There should be a close season on lobsters during the summer; none should be sold or eaten under eleven inches in length, and there should be a severe penalty for catching and retaining a female lobster in spawn.

The codfish trawl should be prohibited.

The fishermen of Provincetown use only hook and line, and they are proverbially successful.

These suggestions for legislation may appear harsh to the fishermen, but in times of necessity harsh measures are necessary.

If laws similar to these outlined are made and *enforced*, fish will be plenty again; the consumer and fisherman will rejoice together, and our American fisheries and our rejuvenated ship-building industry of Maine will increase and prosper hand in hand. JOHN Z. ROGERS.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Archy Rogers's *Wasp* is the first of the new 46-footers to show herself in these waters. She came on from Bristol last week, and on Thursday was making her way up the Hudson River toward Hyde Park, at Poughkeepsie. Her run from the Herreshoff's yard was entirely uneventful, Captain Barr being careful not to strain her. Like all new yachts, she is very stiff, and will take a considerable amount of work in the "tuning"-up process. Mr. Rogers intends racing her in all the early regattas, so that by the end of the present month we shall have an opportunity, in the Larchmonth Yacht Club regatta, of seeing what she can do.

PITCHER HIGHLANDS.

As for the other 46-footers, with one or two exceptions, they appear dead to the world. There has been a little talk at the clubs of some of them going into commission, but if they do, it is not likely to be for racing. The *Beatrix*, trimmed up a bit and rechristened, and the renovated *Alborak* are thus far the only ones known to be preparing for the fray. Even the latter is not a certainty, and it is possible that only the Adams brothers and Mr. Rogers will race against the *Gloriana's* new owner, Dr. Hopkins, of Philadelphia.

The 21-foot class continues to create much interest, especially on Eastern waters, where there are nearly as many different types as owners. There will be some lively racing in this direction.

Careful study of the Polo Association's handicaps just completed does not show that we are advancing our standard of play very rapidly. But it does prove that schedules for the season's play which utterly ignore the interests of the second-class men are the means of keeping the average of our play down pretty low. Such a schedule we had last year, and such a one we have again this year, because, forsooth, a few men cared more for their own pleasure and glorification than for the interest of the game. A few men in each club, those comprising the team, follow the miserably arranged schedule in the beginning of the season, until their ponies are worn out, and after that "scratching" is the order of the day, and one week's play is usually reduced to probably a couple of days. The second-class player all this time has been knocking the ball about on the home field waiting for practice until the coming of the team, and when it does return with used-up ponies, it is only to rest them against the next dash into the polo merry-go-round. This sort of thing year after year is not making us more expert in the game, nor building up material with which to replace vacancies. In the Polo Association there are thirteen clubs and 159 active members, and of that number just about eighteen men play the game, the others play at it. In the event of a particularly expert player retiring, there are none to replace him.

Take from our strongest clubs their one or two crack men, and the teams would be decidedly mediocre. This comes about entirely by the present method of arranging the season's schedule, which leaves the second class out in the cold. This is why, too, the handicap list for '92 makes anything but gratifying reading for the sportsman interested in the progress of American polo. It shows nineteen men whose handicaps have been reduced in the aggregate 26 goals, *i.e.*, their game has deteriorated to that extent. Thirteen have improved their game for an increased handicap of 18 goals, and the balance have simply stood still, most of them very low down the scale. The Country Club of Westchester team shows the greatest improvement of any, four of its members having increased handicaps, and three new ones being added, among them H. P. Whitney, who did so well at Newport last year. This young man is destined to make a reputation for himself. Not a man on the Rockaway Club has had his handicap increased, while the aggregate reduction is 7 goals. The Essex Club shows a reduction of 5 goals, and what is worse, they are taken from the regular team, every member of it save Douglas Robinson, Jun., being cut down.

Meadowbrook Club gains eight new members. Philadelphia stands still; with the exception of H. P. McKean, no member's handicap is increased from his present low mark. Morris County shows some improvement, but loses its back, W. K. Thorn, who has declared for the Westchester (Newport) Club. There has been something of a stir around Boston, resulting in the formation of a new club—the Country Club of Brookline team—and the better play of the Myopias. The Hingham Club should be aroused to greater effort, for its present showing of eleven men, with not the handicap of a solitary goal, is not creditable. It is very evident that men cannot better their game unless they have practice, and with more expert teams than their own. The Polo Association in its wisdom does not provide a schedule permitting this desirable practice, hence we are compelled to sum up American polo-playing thuswise: a handful of cracks, a score of fairly good men, and the balance—duffers. There is just now talk of a club being formed at Yale; it should result in something tangible, for with H. P. Whitney, W. H. Vanderbilt, H. C. Beadleston, and Moses Taylor in college, there is no good reason why they should not only form a team, but challenge Harvard for a game at Newport.

The Open-air Horse Show which began on Monday, while we are on the press, presents the first opportunity ever offered in this country for the proper judging of roadsters and hunters. Every horse will perform better in the open rather than in an in-door ring, where the sea of faces about him and the glare of electric lights are a tremendous handicap. Conditions of this kind affect the roadster and hunter entries probably more than any other class of performers, and the showing of these will therefore be the more interesting. The work accomplished by the Directors in organizing this show is no less notable than the exhibition itself. Four weeks to plan and bring to a successful issue an affair of this size is an incredibly short time. The quality of the entries is good, the equipment of grounds complete, and the object worthy the earnest support of every sportsman in the city. Philadelphia is also to have an open-air horse show the last of May, which promises to be very successful.

The cricket season of '92 will be marked by two important events, viz., Philadelphia week and the visit in the autumn of a team of Irish Gentlemen. Two Inter-city matches and the annual meeting of the Cricketers' Association will make that week especially noteworthy, and the presence of cricketers from so many different quarters is likely to give a more or less national character to the meeting. Although the visit of the Irish Gentlemen is not absolutely assured, there is now every prospect of its being made, under the auspices of the Germantown Cricket Club; and if they do come, the occasion will be a particularly happy one, for although their skill is not equal to the best English teams that have visited us, they have been among the most honorable and sportsmanlike opponents we have ever had.

Pittsburg cricket is looking up. There is to be a four-club league in that city, so the game is not likely to suffer for lack of matches. George Wright and Lot Mansfield will not be able to play this year, owing to business pressure, and the Boston Athletic Association C. C. will greatly miss them.

The demise of the Chicago C. C. need occasion cricketers no anxiety. Clubs depending on imported material to win their matches are not likely to appeal to the sympathies of American sportsmen. If Mr. Macpherson, who is building up the Phœnix Club from the ashes of the defunct C. C. C., will profit by experience, he will look to American material for support, otherwise the club's fate is easily foreshadowed. Here in New York preparations are making for an active season, and the Berkeley Club has struck the key-note of success by confining its playing members to amateurs.

A very interesting résumé of '91 may be found in Jerome Flannery's *American Cricket Annual*.

The water polo team of the New York Athletic Club closed the season by winning the deciding game from the Metropole team of Providence, and the championship. There was no doubt of their winning at Providence, once the tank was relieved of platforms, supporting railings, etc., and the game became one of swimming and skill, rather than of wrestling and mere beef. The N.Y.A.C. team, as before said in this column, is the only one that plays water polo; the others have shown that they do not appreciate the possibilities of the game's development. In the next season they should devote the greater part of their time to studying the game, and acquiring something of team play. There is so much in water polo, it is to be hoped other clubs will put teams into the field, or rather into the water, next year. It would be a great intercollegiate winter sport. Yale will have a swimming tank in her new gymnasium, Princeton will have one 100×20 feet in the Brokaw Memorial building, and if Harvard will put in one, what a series of games there could be between the three!

The University Athletic Club has moved into its quarters, and there are none more comfortably or more thoroughly equipped in the city. The Committee has done its duty well. The statement that the club is considering the advisability of joining the Amateur Athletic Union is untrue. It is not considering such a step, and, moreover, is not likely to consider it. Neither is there the slightest possibility of the club's "probable moving" into the house of the New York Athletic Club when the latter vacates its present quarters at Fifty-fifth Street and Sixth Avenue. When the University Athletic Club moves from the home it has made for itself in the old Racquet Club building—Twenty-sixth Street and Sixth Avenue—it will go into a house of its own that will be second to none in equipment and elegance of finish. In the mean time the membership continues to grow at a remarkable rate.

"Her slender earnings were the sole support of the family, including two younger sisters." That is the coming situation of Miss Football in the Yale athletic family since the organization of the Financial Union. Baseball may manage to aid a little in the general support, but the crew and track athletic team will never earn their salt.

Subscriptions will become a thing of the past, to the great profit of the Freshman; for no longer will he dread the knock of the subscription fiend, nor be obliged to write home painful letters of explanation how twenty-five dollars had gone to the crew, fifteen to the nine, and ten to the track athletic association that he might not lose caste among "the fellows."

Seriously, such an arrangement will give the maximum result from the minimum effort, and if the management can annually come out even, there is manifestly a saving of the total amount of yearly subscriptions which now run into the thousands. Both parents and Faculty will no doubt rejoice over the inauguration of business methods.

CATCHER UPTON.

Captain Murphy has been making some changes in the Yale nine that will strengthen it—Carter has been put behind the bat, and Jackson sent to first base. The combination is an improvement. Carter has a very clever wrist throw, and gets the ball to the bases sharply and accurately, far better than either Jackson or Cole, and he has the further advantage of being quite as good a back stop as either of them. Bowers pitches to him with confidence, and against Brown put up a strong, steady game. Three times at critical points he retired his man on strikes, when a hit would have meant ruin to Yale's hopes, on the second occasion "fanning" out Tenney, one of Brown's best batters. He gave them but five hits, and those so well scattered as to yield no runs. Nor was Woodcock far behind him, but he did not have such good fortune at important moments, and allowed Beall and Case each to bat in a run.

There are two glaring weaknesses in the Yale nine that are the more apparent when contrasted with the very good points displayed—batting and base-running—neither of which is up to the standard of the other work. When the nine meets Harvard or Princeton, the fielding of the boys in blue will show a far greater amount of life and style than either of the opposing teams, but the feature of batting and following it up with good base-running, so pre-eminent in Yale nines of the past, will not appear.

For five years Yale has held the supremacy in base-stealing, but Harvard can give her points in that art this season, and some of the Princeton men will not be far behind. Murphy has done some lively work, but Carter moves about as fast as a house on rollers, and few of them seem to know when or why a man should steal third, or try for home from second on a single. When, by all the canons of baseball, he should try, he sticks to the base like wax, and when, on the other hand, he ought to hold it, he is sure to be found bowling along under full headway, only to be thrown out. Runs are worth more than these men appear to think. They will not have so many to waste a little later in the season.

Twisted knees are not infrequently serious matters, and though Murphy makes light of the one he sustained in the Cornell game, he may consider himself fortunate if he escapes with merely the loss of a week's practice. The Amherst game showed how poorly a team can do without a head.

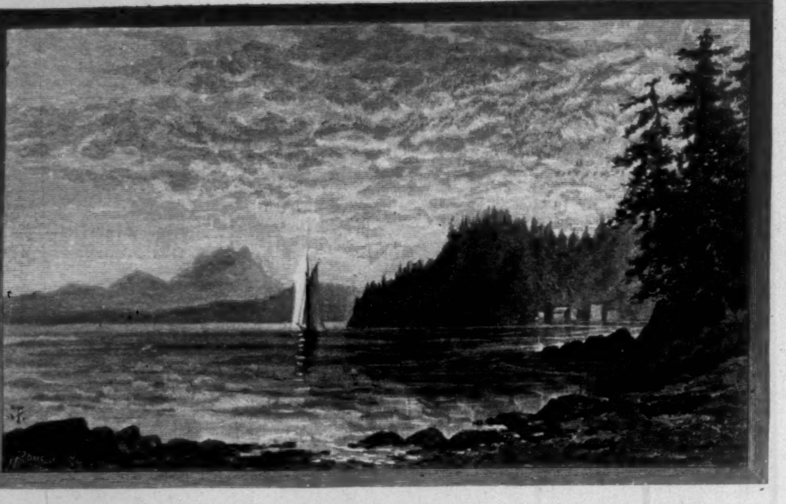
It is now understood that Phil Allen's stay with the crew will be the longest of any of the coachers Captain Hartwell has had this season. Although the end of the boat that stands in direst need of coaching is not the end with which Mr. Allen is the most familiar, there is no doubt of his being a very valuable aid in accomplishing what the Yale boat sadly needs, *i.e.*, a coalescence of the two sets of four. At present the crew is like a broken-backed snake, for while Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8 are together, as are also bow and No. 2, Nos. 3 and 4 are likely to upset the entire arrangement every ten strokes. Strange as it may seem, while either Rogers or Johnson at bow get in time equally well with Balliet, Van Huyck and Paine execute a double break, neither being with the balance of the men, nor with each other. Taking their physique into consideration, it is hardly so singular these last two are not more together, that Van Huyck and Balliet, however, and Paine and Graves, should not be in a measure synchronous, is more remarkable. It is a bad mess for a coach, and if Phil Allen can straighten it out he will take the wrinkles out of Hartwell's brow.

The American Fisheries Society will meet in this city May 25th and 26th, when a notable assemblage of fish-breeders, commissioners, and sportsmen interested in these matters will be present. It is expected many interesting discussions will be held. Apropos of this subject, as an evidence of what stocking will do, an account in *Shooting and Fishing* of some recent salmon-fishing at Bangor, Maine, shows that in six days eighteen men killed 682½ pounds of that king of game fish.

There was more loose ball-playing in the Harvard-Princeton 11–5 game Saturday than in any college championship series of my recollection. Of Harvard's 11 runs, 4 were earned, the rest being given them by Princeton's miserable play. Of Princeton's 5 runs, 1 was earned, the rest were acquired chiefly through Mason's inability to hold Highlands. If Mason has any particular advantage over Upton, he did not show it on Saturday, except in his batting. He had six passed balls, one chance for a foul he should have secured, and his only throw to second was feet above Hovey's head, and would have let in Princeton's base-runner had not Frothingham, in one of the cleverest plays of the day, neatly caught the ball on the run as it sailed over second. He likewise gave Cook an opportunity to make a pretty left-handed stop of an erratic throw. Highlands pitched an uncertain game that was remarkably strong at times, and withstood the efforts to rattle him; but if he gives Yale five bases on balls and three from being hit, it is not likely to result so fortunately as on Saturday. Neither will it do to permit a man to steal second so deliberately. Cook fielded his position well, and Hovey, who nearly batted the cover off the ball, and Hallowell especially distinguished themselves. Dickinson covered his base well, and Corbett's home-run brought in two others. Harvard batted well throughout the game, but in the seventh inning made a record of a single, three two-baggers, and a home-run. They hit clean and hard and with good judgment, and are much stronger with the stick than either Princeton or Yale, but that alone will not win them games. If they put up the same kind of a game against Yale as that of last Saturday, they will be defeated.

As for Princeton, the errors and fumbling were execrable. Ramsdell, Brooks, and Brown divided honors for eight, and Guild, not content with adding one more by an inexcusable throw, went wool-gathering while a runner was at his base, and failed to see the ball Young sent him. Even King made a fumble of a grounder. Brown's passed balls let in several runs—one of them let in two—and his muff of two easy fouls can be ascribed only to a bad case of rattles. Ramsdell's work thus far has fallen much below what it promised at the beginning, and Brooks's throwing Saturday was very bad. Guild made a beautiful pick-up at third (where he went after Ramsdell retired) of the most difficult throw (by Brown) of the game. Trenchard, who had been put in at right field for his batting, misjudged a fly, and never reached first except the time it was given him. Wright played a steady game, and must have been practising with the stick, for he rapped a fly several times, was caught out, to be sure, but proved he was getting over fanning the air, and once he made a base hit. Mackenzie's game was clean, and his three-bagger in the 8th, following King's home-run, was timely. Young's fielding was remarkable, but Harvard nearly batted him out of the box. Saturday's game proves that the one with the U. of P. was not on an "off" day; the men simply don't play ball. The trouble is not all with the batting, though that is poor enough, but a greater fault is the fumbling and error-making. If this is not remedied, the champions of last year will finish in the last place this season.

Caspar W. Whitney.

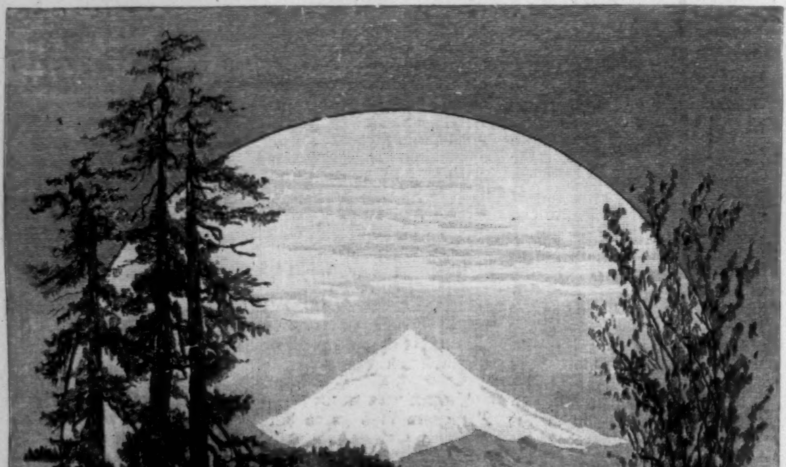


ENTRANCE TO THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

Northern Point, called Hancock by Gray. Meares and Vancouver called it Disappointment, because of their failure to find the river.

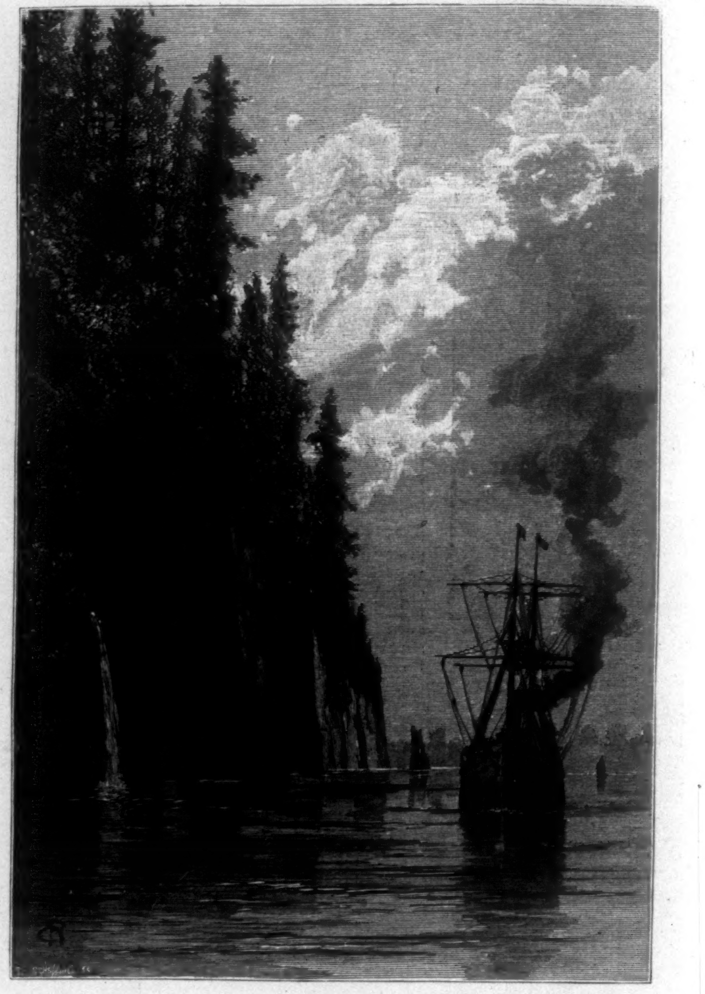
THE COLUMBIA RIVER CENTENNIAL.

Near the mouth of the Columbia River lies the flourishing little town of Astoria. Interesting to New-Yorkers as the first fur-trading station of the elder Astor, the foundation of his great wealth, and named by him in 1810, Astoria is even more interesting to dwellers on the Columbia River as the strategic point held alternately by England as Fort George, and by the United States under its original name. Astorians have one main object, namely, to live until Astoria rivals New York in size and importance. This Astoria is expected to do, on account of her position at the mouth of the great river, which is similar to that of New York at the mouth of the Hudson. One circumstance alone has hindered heretofore any serious rivalry between the little town and her sister of the East—the Atlantic is not the Pacific, and Europe is beyond the one ocean, while inscrutable Asia dominates the further shores of the Pacific pond. While Astoria has been waiting, she has done many notable things. She was the backbone of politics in the time of the Oregon question, when it was gravely important as well as doubtful whether that immense tract of land, embracing as it did our present Washington, Idaho, and no one knows how much besides, so indefinite were the boundaries, was to belong to America or to Spain or England. Astoria held her own for the United States in the old time, and in the new has developed a fine shipping trade, built a magnificent jetty out into the Pacific, and is about to celebrate the centennial not of her own glory, but of the discovery of the mighty Columbia River by a Boston ship in the year 1792. It is to the end of the very longest spoke, and not the least important one, that the little Hub has ever sent out that the Boston party have travelled to bear part to-day in the commemoration of the event that meant so much to the future peoples of the Pacific Northwest. In the Boston of Revolutionary days lived a wealthy merchant, Joseph Barrell, whose residence, Pleasant Hill, is now used for the insane asylum. Greatly interested in the success of the struggle for independence, Mr. Barrell remained in Boston, and took an active interest in all matters pertaining to the welfare of his country, while others of his family returned to England. When the war was over he engaged the interest of others, and with them fitted out two vessels, the *Columbia Rediviva*, 220 tons, and the *Lady Washington*, a sloop of 90 tons. With Kendricks, a member of the original Boston tea party, in command of the one, and Robert Gray of the other, these vessels set out on a voyage of discovery and business. Sailing from Nantasket Roads on the 1st of October, 1787, they began an expedition that carried the American flag for the first time around the world. Only the *Columbia* can claim this honor. The men who joined Joseph Barrell in the ownership of this exploring expedition were S. Brown, C. Bulfinch, J. Darby, C. Hatch, and John Pintard. A medal with their names was struck off, both in copper and in silver.



MOUNT HOOD AND THE COLUMBIA RIVER BOTTOM.

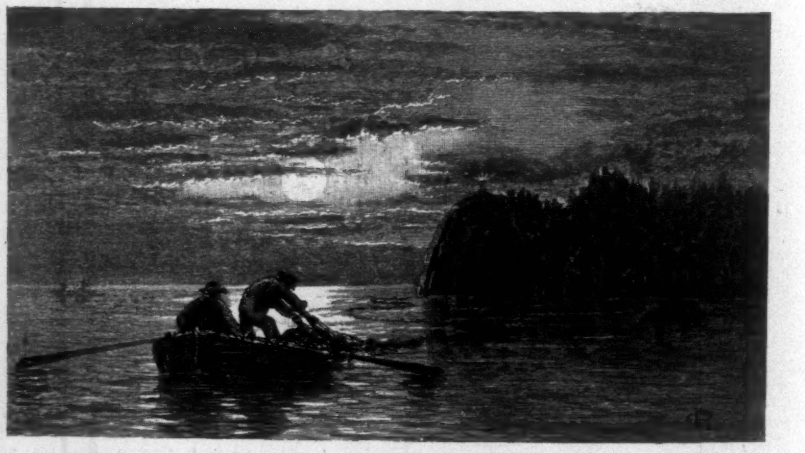
Names of other officers on the vessels were Robert Haswell, to whose diary we are indebted for much of our knowledge of the voyage; Joseph Ingraham, second mate of the *Columbia;* Howe Kendricks, clerk; Roberts, surgeon; Treet, furrier; Mr. Coolidge, probably first mate of the *Lady Washington;* and Nuttin as astronomer. It took these vessels one year to get around the Horn and to Nootka (about Vancouver's Island), where, on October 1, 1788, they celebrated their departure from Boston. From there the *Columbia* carried furs to China, shipped tea, and bore the American flag into Boston in August, 1790. The financial part was somehow a failure. Several owners withdrew, but Joseph Barrell, intent less on gain than on honor, bought them out, and became more than ever the promoter of the enterprise.



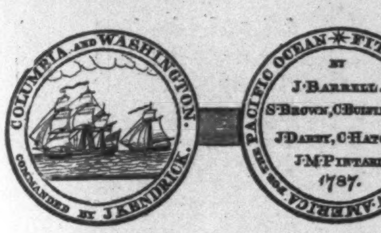
BASALTIC CLIFFS ABOVE CATHLAMET, ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

The *Columbia* left Boston on her second trip, with Gray as captain and Haswell as second mate, September 28, 1790, arriving at Clayoquot, on the Northwest coast, June 5, 1791. She remained until September, exploring and trading, discovering before Vancouver the Portland Canal, wintered at Opesita, where her men built a house, mounted cannon, built the *Adventure*, the first American vessel launched on the Pacific, and welcomed Kendricks in the *Lady Washington* from China, at Barrell Sound, in June. Kendricks had remained on the coast during the completion of Gray's first voyage on the *Columbia*, and had, in the autumn of 1789, as is supposed, made a discovery that antedated that of Vancouver, to whom it has been attributed. He sailed "through a strait whose southern entrance is Fuca, and the northern shore is above Queen Charlotte's Island"; this meant that Vancouver (Nootka) was an island. Besides this, Kendricks bought from the Indians many lands, the deeds for the same, duly witnessed, being now in the State Department at Washington. The aggregate extent of these lands was some thirty million acres, and upon their possession was based much of the claim of the United States to Oregon.

The *Columbia* sailed from Clayoquot on April 2d in search of the "Great River," which Gray had surmised on his northward voyage. Haswell, in command of the *Adventure*, accompanied him. On the 29th they met Vancouver sailing north; of course he had just sailed by the mouth of the Columbia, and missed discovering it, as had Heceta in 1775, and Meares in 1789. Gray told Vancouver that in his northward voyage he had been, in latitude 46° 10′, off the mouth of a great river, which he had for nine days struggled to enter, failing to do so both from the strong outset of the current, and from contrary winds. On May 2d Gray entered the port, latitude 46° 58′, called Bulfinch, afterward Gray's, Harbor. At this port he was attacked by unfriendly Indians, and killed several. Leaving this port on the 10th, he next day passed over the bar at the mouth of the great river he had previously been unable to enter, and for the first time the vessel of a white man floated on the noble waters of the great "River of the North." Gray took possession on the 11th of May, 1792, in the name of his country, to which he had done no greater service even in his career



SALMON-FISHING ON THE COLUMBIA.



BARRELL-COLUMBIA MEDAL OF 1787.

of honor in her naval service during the Revolution. He named the great stream the Columbia, from the stanch little vessel that had first carried the American flag around the world, and the northern and southern points of its mighty mouth respectively Cape Hancock and Point Adams.

His first anchorage was 10 miles within the entrance, and on the 14th the ship sailed some 20 miles further up. "We doubted not," said Haswell, "that it was navigable for 100 miles." It is about 100 miles from the mouth of the river to its junction with the Willamette, near Portland, where the river is about the width of the Hudson at the upper part of New York; 50 miles more, and the Cascades make a break; 50 more, and the Dalles contract the great waters into a channel 175 feet wide; a hundred miles or so above, the Clarke and Lewis branches unite, and 725 miles of the Lower Columbia are navigable. Up in the Selkirk Mountains the Kootenay lakes and the river are navigable to small steamers for hundreds of miles. These sail amid scenery surpassing the highlands of Scotland. The Willamette is navigable for 138, the Snake for 150 miles. The Columbia drains a basin of 395,000 square miles, and with its tributaries embraces twelve degrees of latitude and thirteen of longitude; at its mouth it is from four to five miles wide. Gray dropped down to the Chinook village on the bank, and landing in the ship's boat, was visited by many natives in their canoes. He obtained a quantity of furs, and did not recross the bar until the 20th.

Such was the discovery of the Columbia country for the United States. And so, one hundred years later, on the banks of the great river, beautiful from its glacier birth, throughout all its 1400 miles of mountain glory, down to its prolific plains, there is an American people; and thus it comes that the "New York" of the future, Astoria of to-day, joins hands with the Boston of the past as both celebrate the event which gave to the United States the dominion of the northwest Pacific coast, with as keen an interest in the historic past, as warm a love for the present successes, as earnest prayers for the future glory of its country, as any American among us all.

FLORENCE E. WINSLOW.

WAS IT SECOND-SIGHT?

AMONG the many curious instances of seeming second-sight may be placed the following incident of that saddest tragedy of modern days—the death of Custer and his gallant followers.

The love existing between Captain Blank and his blue-eyed, golden-curled boy, little "Buster," the pet and darling of the whole garrison, was something to be remembered. Wherever the tall soldierly figure of the young father was to be seen, unless on duty, that of the child was sure to be close beside, sometimes riding on his father's shoulder, sometimes clinging to his hand, always lifting to his, eyes full of passionate love and content.

When the dreaded day came that was to separate those fearless men from the women and children who so loved them, Buster could hardly be torn from his father, and my husband told me that long after, the child's shriek of utter misery, unchildlike in its intensity, rang in his ears. For some days after the command had marched across the low purple hills, out of the reach of loving eyes, Buster drooped and pined; but he was a child, and the old childish gayety came back to his eyes, and his laugh, which rang out as happily as ever, almost jarring upon his young mother's ear.

One warm June day at Fort Lincoln Mrs. Blank sat sewing in her tiny parlor, her baby creeping about the floor at her feet, while she chatted with two or three more lonely wives, perhaps of the beloved ones far off across the plains and their possible return. Suddenly Buster rushed in through the open door, eyes sparkling, hair flying.

"Mamma," he shouted, "my papa's s'ooting his 'volver! I heard him!"

"Did you, darling?" his young mother said, stooping to kiss the little flushed, eager face. "How very nice! I wish he could come home and s'oot it. Don't you?"

"He's s'ooting Injuns," the child went on; "and he'll s'oot 'em all, and zen he'll tome home."

"I'm sure I hope he will," sighed Mrs. Blank. "Run out and play, Buster, and don't go in the sun."

"How Buster does talk about his father!" some one remarked. "I often meet him running along with some one, and, child or man, soldier or officer, you can always catch the words 'my papa' if you listen to him."

Then the talk wandered on, always in a minor key, for there had been quite an interval of time since the last letters, and there was always unacknowledged anxiety, though all felt unbounded faith in the powers of the gallant Seventh.

Presently the sound of a child's bitter crying brought them all to their feet, and Buster ran into his mother's arms at the door, sobbing wildly:

"Mamma," he sobbed, "the Injuns has dot my papa. He's dot no more s'oots in his 'volver; he's s'ooted it all. Oh, I want my papa, and the bad Injuns has dot him!"

Mrs. Blank knelt down on the floor beside her boy, drawing him close to her heart. "Hush, Buster," she said, very gently, but firmly, "you must not be such a silly little boy; the Injuns can't get your papa. General Custer is there; he will take care of papa, and all the men. Do you think F Troop would let the Injuns get papa? See, you are making us all feel very bad, and papa would say that you were not his brave little lad. Now stop crying and go and play; you could not hear papa's 'volver so far away."

"Yes," the child exclaimed, earnestly, "I *tan* hear my papa's 'volver, and I know he's s'ooted it all!" But army discipline prevailed, and the boy choked back his sobs, nestling in his mother's arms and resting there, strangely quiet, for the rest of the long summer day.

That evening, when the children were both sleeping, and the daily bulletin to her absent husband had been written, Mrs. Blank sat for some moments in silent thought, then drawing a sheet of paper to her, wrote down the date, June 26th, and poured out to her only brother the aching of her heart and the senseless anxiety caused by the child's foolish words, the memory of which still stirred him in his sleep, for he sobbed and tossed all night.

On the 6th of July, when the whole army writhed and cried out in agony at the news that had come to us, we, to whom Mr. B. had shown his sister's letter, knew that on the 26th of June Captain Blank had dearly sold his life, and had been found pierced with many wounds, his empty revolver clasped in his stiffened hand. And far away, in his quiet home, his baby boy had seemed to know it.

KATE WOODBRIDGE MICHAELIS.

FAINT SHADOWS OF A GRIM COLOSSUS

Prognosticate his coming. Mental depression and perturbation, a sensation of languor by day and unrest upon getting up in the morning, heartburn, occasional headaches, undue sensitiveness to slight noises, furred tongue—these mean that you need preventive tonic medication. Neglect it, and the hideous colossus of disease will speedily stare you out of countenance, and wrest health from you. Seek preventive aid from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which checkmates dyspepsia, biliousness, rheumatism, constipation, and malaria.—[*Adv.*]

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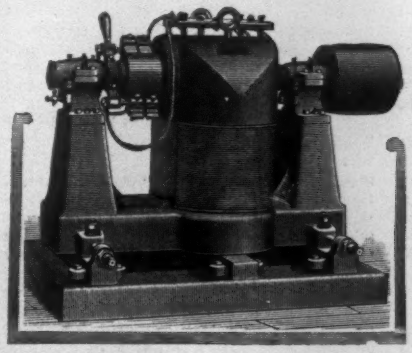
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THE FLOWERS OF SPRING.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

New York has no flower market similar to the one in Covent Garden, London, but the plants are sold on street corners, in stores, from wagons, peddled in baskets, and in every other conceivable way. One of the chief attractions of Covent Garden is the flower market, where everything pertaining to horticulture is carefully arranged and attended to in a systematic and businesslike way. Yet in and around New York the sale and cultivation of flowers have reached such a standard that upward of six hundred commercial florists' establishments within a radius of ten miles from the City Hall are engaged in the business, representing probably an investment of ten million dollars in lands, structures, and stock. Owing to the lack of any system in selling the flowers in New York, many wild and undesirable plants are mixed up with those from the hot-houses, and one has very little choice of varieties at the so-called flower stands on the streets and corners. The florists' establishments generally supply the flowers for home decoration, dinners, and public exhibitions, but the stands monopolize the smaller trade in nosegays and corsage bouquets to such an extent that the florists cannot successfully compete with them.

The American system of propagating plants differs somewhat from the European, and, on the whole, the flowers are sold in New York at one-third less than in London. Until within the last twenty years, however, all of the practical floriculture in this country was performed by European gardeners, but the American florists have not only succeeded in grasping the principles and details of their work, but they have improved upon the methods, so that the system of propagation and culture as adopted here is unequalled in the world. The census of 1890 shows that the nursery interests in the whole country reach a value of nearly forty-two million dollars, and occupy over one hundred and seventy thousand acres of land. This enormous industry prior to 1800 was represented by two nurseries, one in Connecticut and one in New York. Its growth during the last ten years has been so unprecedented that one requires figures and official statistics to realize its importance.

In the spring of the year the stands and florists' establishments are loaded down with the early flowers, which are gathered from the wind-swept hills of Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania, or from the propagating houses of the near-by floral gardens. Wagon peddlers sell potted plants already in blossom from house to house on the streets, and thousands of these are disposed of in the course of a bright spring morning. The sale of flowers, both cut and potted, in the open air continues until the extreme heat of summer makes this method of marketing them extremely risky and precarious.

The systems of propagation and culture of the plants as pursued by the professional florists are of the most importance to the flower trade, for they are the real source and inspiration of the whole industry. The spring trade in plants is enormous, and they prepare for this time of brisk business shortly after the holidays. Whenever possible, the plants are raised from seeds rather than from cuttings, for this plan is cheaper in the end, and better plants are produced. Long shallow boxes are filled with finely sifted soil, and then pressed down with a board until a perfect level is made. The seeds are spread over this soil and pressed gently into it. Leaf mould, cocoanut fibre, or other material is finely pulverized and sprinkled over the seeds until they are covered with a thin layer of the new soil. A little water is sprinkled over the seeds, and an average temperature of sixty degrees is given to them. In from ten to twenty days the plants appear above the soil, and these are kept growing until large enough to transplant. Each plant is then put in a separate pot, or planted in large boxes in rows several inches apart.

Many of the plants have to be propagated by cuttings, and this process is very simple, although until recently it was supposed that none but professional florists could perform the work successfully. There are several methods of increasing the number of plants by cuttings. In the "saucer system" a quantity of ordinary clean sand is placed in the saucer, and the slips are stuck in it all around the border. The sand is then freely moistened with water and the saucer placed in a sunny window or in the greenhouse. Another common way is to cover the top of a board with fine sand, and stick the cuttings in it, and then supply "under-heat" from the hot-house or "over-heat" from the sun. The time for taking the slips is generally ascertained by bending the slip down, and if it snaps off readily, it is ready for use.

Plants are also propagated by layering, but this system is practised only where very few plants are required. Other plants are grown from the leaves, and to an amateur this seems like a wonderful process. The leaves of these plants are cut across the veins in such a manner as to leave one or more of the tiny dots observable on each section of the leaf. If these pieces are kept in any moist place they will sprout and produce plants.

All of these cuttings and slips are finally potted after they have reached a certain growth. Each plant requires a separate pot, generally two inches wide and deep, and after being freely watered and shaded for a few days they become firmly established in the soil. When the roots have formed a mass of earth so that they will cling to it tenaciously, the new plant can be put in a larger pot, where it is allowed to grow and blossom. Some plants are transplanted in this way several times before they are placed on the market.

Many of the plants are shipped to distant points by mail and express, and this trade has become so important that a great deal of study has been devoted to the proper methods of packing. So successfully are they packed by the leading florists that they can be shipped to the most distant points of the Union without injuring them.

The use of flowers in the spring for gardens absorbs a great many thousands of the potted and seedling bloomers.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION DECORATION.

A considerable system of the Columbian Exposition industry is comprised in the mural painting, the modelling of bass-reliefs, the manufacture of mosaic pavement, etc., required for more than a score of constructions. The color decoration of the entire series of buildings is directed by Mr. Prettyman, an English artist. His general plan has shown a successful study in the various forms of ornamentation to be added.

For the different structures near the Grand Avenue a uniform tone of yellow has been selected. This is like old alabaster when disintegration has begun in the surface. A different scheme of color begins as the series approaches the irregular lines of the lagoon and island, where the buildings cease to be thickly grouped.

The colors of Spain are to be used in the Transportation Building, to give distinction to that country as the first which provided means of transport to this continent, although the gold, the red, and yellow tones will be less brilliant than the national colors adopted. The building devoted to horticulture—as is known already by the readers of Harper's Weekly—will be a temple in crystal, with walls colored like ivory suffused with a slight rose tint. A yellow-ivory tone united with a very delicate orange is selected for the Woman's Building, of which the roof is red—in contrast with the roofs of the larger buildings, which are of a *vert-de-gris* color, resembling old copper bronze.

The purely classic Fine Arts Building is to reflect the coloring of the Grand Avenue architecture. Its dome will be covered with tiles of turquoise blue. The interior coloring of the Cordova Cathedral is taken as the copy for the outside of the Spanish-Romanesque Fisheries Building, the archivolts picked out in red blocks on a dull buff ground, and for the roofing marine blue. Of the eight grand entrances to the Industrial Building, four will be decorated with sculpture, while the other four will have mural paintings suggestive of what the building contains. The interiors of these buildings are so vast that the decoration is not carried beyond a certain height, except in giving a tone to favor the electric lighting at night. A good eye line is taken, such as gallery fronts, to be treated with modelled work, while the lower portion of the roof will be marked with broad gold and colored lines.

The exterior of several of the buildings will show special concentrated decoration. The main entrance to the Agricultural Building is formed as a temple of Ceres, with a statue of the goddess at the centre. A mosaic floor in black and white is planned to emphasize the classic renaissance style of architecture, and the colonnade and domed roof will be richly ornamented in gold and color. The decoration of the Mines Building, with an entrance in marble and mosaic, is to be in gold, silver, and black coloring, emblematical of mineral products.

A magnificent hemicycle is to be the form of the grand entrance to the Electrical Building, made as brilliant as possible for night effect with porphyry columns and great masses of gilt modelled work in relief. A gigantic statue of Benjamin Franklin will stand at the centre of this entrance. The main entrance to the Transportation Building will be a great arched doorway covered entirely with gold, with strong reds and blues to give intense effect. The interior is to be simply treated with elementary Byzantine decoration.

Of course the Fine Arts Gallery, with its mile of hanging space on the walls, will require little interior ornamentation. A free use will be made of decoration in gold, color, and figure-work at the entrance and under the central dome.

The Administration Building will have a distinctive splendor that few modern types have approached. Its decorative scheme is that of a monument to great discoverers. The outside will bear eight large inscriptions giving facts in the life of Columbus, with forty other names of discoverers honored in proportionate degree. The great discoveries in science will be illustrated in the interior, the dome being lined with suggestive bass-reliefs. The entire effect is to be simple and grand. Outwardly the building will be conspicuous in general features, and, at a distance, especially by its roof covered with aluminium bronze highly burnished.

E. T. L.

When the Pie was opened

The Birds began to sing
The praises of
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Providing Dainties in Endless Variety,
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Entirely Without Eggs.

Bird's Custard Powder is now introduced into America, and will very shortly be on sale at all the principal retail stores. Meanwhile every American lady is invited to send to Alfred Bird & Sons, 2 Wooster St., New York, for the Dollar Sample Box of Bird's exquisite English Home Specialties, and to entertain her family and friends with a few choice English dishes by way of a change.

THE DOLLAR SAMPLE BOX

contains four of the articles for which Bird's name has been a household word throughout Great Britain and her colonies for more than half a century.

CONTENTS OF THE BOX.

FIRST, a packet of Bird's Custard Powder, sufficient to make four pints of the richest custard without eggs, which may be served either from a dish or on the ordinary custard glasses, and is delicious with all canned, bottled, or fresh fruits. Bird's Custard possesses the richness and nutriments of cream without risk to the most sensitive digestion.

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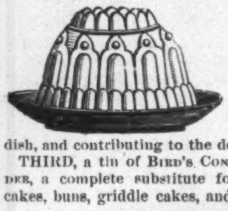

THIRD, a tin of Bird's Concentrated Egg Powder, a complete substitute for eggs in puddings, cakes, buns, griddle cakes, and all similar kinds of English and American confectionery, to which it imparts the lightness, richness, appearance, and flavor of new-laid eggs. This tin is equal to 30 new-laid eggs.

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For a fifth article the box contains a copy of "Sweet Dishes," a booklet full of practical hints and numerous original recipes of tasty dishes for the dinner and supper table. The recipes are all new to American cookery, and are suited to American measures, methods, and cooking utensils.

The whole of the above are enclosed in a tastefully finished artistic Cartoon Box, an excellent specimen of English fancy box ware. When the samples are taken out, it will make a very pretty handkerchief, glove, or cotton box.

This Dollar Sample Box is intended solely to introduce Bird's English Specialties into American Homes, and cannot be purchased retail, and Messrs. Bird will not be able to supply more than one sample box to each household. Remember the object in view is to distribute samples of the Special Domestic Luxuries for which Bird's name stands first and foremost as a guarantee for purity and High Quality.

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Of all Stores! Everywhere! Every Day!
For BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER.

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ALFRED BIRD & SONS, 2 Wooster Street,
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2,288 sold in '89
6,268 sold in '90
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60,000 will be sold in '92

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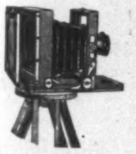

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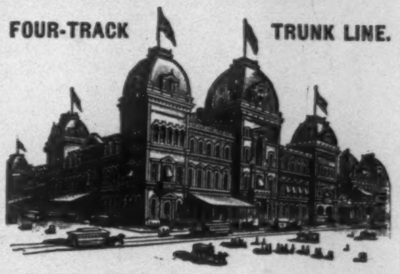

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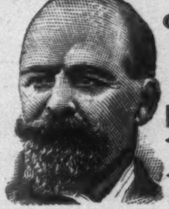

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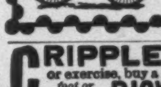

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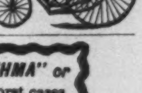

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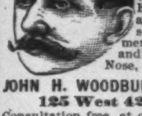

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